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## OTTERBURN: A BATTLE AND TWO BALLADS.

THE names of Percy and Douglas evoke a whole world of heroic action to us who know them only in books. They signified, naturally, much more to the English herdsman whose cattle the Douglas had driven to the Tweed, to the Scottish farmer whose son had fallen on the Tyne. Their legend is epic in the North Country, as that of Roland in France, or that of the Cid Campeador in Spain. Nor have the Percy and the Douglas lacked their poets. Border tradition long remembered their deeds, which nameless minstrels early put into song. But, unlike Roland and the Cid, these border heroes are near enough our own times to have had their chroniclers also. We know in some detail the facts of the war they waged across the "debatable land." We have, then, in their case, a rare facility for confronting tradition with history—the fact as it actually was with the fact as the heart of a people declared it should be. Of many fights in which a Percy met a Douglas, that of Otterburn has left the deepest mark alike on history and on legend. Sir John Froissart<sup>1</sup> tells the whole story as he had it from combatants of both sides. The famous ballads of "Otterburn" and the "Hunting of the Cheviot" (Chevy Chase) represent in different stages the tradition of this battle which obtained for two centuries and more in Northumberland.

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<sup>1</sup>I have used the translation of Lord Berners as edited by Mr. G. C. Macaulay.

## THE BATTLE.

About midsummer of the year 1388 the Earl of Fife and the bastard Archibald Douglas led a great army into England by the west. They slew and burned as they went, till they reached Carlisle; and there we leave them, for, if they won great booty, they got little glory. It was otherwise with the followers of James Douglas, who advanced through Bamboroughshire to prevent an English counter invasion by the east.

The Douglas force was small—some three hundred lances, knights, and squires, and three thousand common soldiers, all well-mounted. Passing the Tyne unfought, before the English were aware of his movements he had pillaged the fertile bishopric of Durham up to the walls of its episcopal city. The smoke of burning villages first told the story to Sir Henry Percy, captain of Berwick-on-Tweed and warden of the Marches, as he lay at Newcastle. He dared not venture into the open, for he thought the great army was before him. But the Douglas was of no mind to withdraw with his enemy unbraved. He recrossed the Tyne unhindered and camped before Newcastle, "and there rested and tarried two days, and every day they scrimmished." In one of these single combats the seasoned Marchman Douglas won the pennant of young Harry Percy, whom he taunted in these words: "Sir, I shall bear this token of your prowess into Scotland and shall set it on high on my castle of Dalkeith, that it may be seen afar off." "Sir," quoth Sir Henry, "ye may be sure that ye shall not pass the bounds of this country till ye be met withal in such wise that ye shall make none avaunt thereof." "Well, sir," quoth the Earl Douglas, "come this night to my lodging and seek for your pennon. I shall set it before my lodging and see if ye will come and take it away." The proud challenge remained for the time unanswered; the pennon stood all night before Douglas's pavilion, while Percy chafed within the walls of Newcastle.

The Scottish raiders had accomplished their end, forestalling an English invasion; they had kept within stone walls a vastly superior force; their leader had won in single combat the pen-

non of the English captain; having taxed to the uttermost a smiling fortune, it was high time to secure themselves before her face should change. The next day they marched to the northwest unmolested, stormed the castle of Pontland and burned it, with its dependent village. This only by the way, for they lodged at nightfall before the castle and town of Otterburn, thirty miles from Newcastle. That night, after an unsuccessful assault upon the castle, the Scotch lords in council were for withdrawing "fair and easily toward Carlisle" and the main force. It was sound advice, but the Douglas would none of it, choosing rather to await Percy, whom he had challenged. The more chivalric counsel prevailed. The army threw up lodges of boughs in a position well protected by marshes, and prepared to storm Otterburn Castle at daybreak.

In the meantime Sir Henry Percy and his brother Ralph had urged that the Scots be sharply followed and the shame of the captured pennon retrieved. More prudent heads, mistrusting a ruse to draw the garrison into the hands of the full Scottish army, restrained with difficulty their impetuous leader. "It were better," they said, "to lose a pennon than two or three hundred knights and squires and put all our country in adventure." The captain must recognize the force of such words, however much the knight (Hotspur already except in name) were stung by them. Imagine, then, the joy of the Percy, when country folk came in to tell that the Scots were in small force and might be overtaken at Otterburn that very night. Upon the hour he set out with six hundred spears, knights, and squires, and eight thousand footmen, nearly thrice the Scottish force.

The English, being much delayed by the footmen, reached Otterburn late in the evening. "The night was far on, but the moon shone so bright as an it had been in a manner day," says Froissart. "It was in the month of August and the weather fair and temperate." Mistaking the servants' lodges at the entrance of the marsh for the tents of the knights, the North Country men gave battle without any well-conceived plan. A

rabble of panic-stricken hostlers and varlets swept back upon the tents of the Scottish men-at-arms, though a few of these humbler warriors stood bravely against Percy's overwhelming numbers. Confusion prevailed in the Scottish camp—a moment only, for the Douglas had anticipated just such an attack. Following the preconcerted plan, the whole Scottish army withdrew to a "little mountain," formed, and bore down on the English in flank. The field was stoutly contested, but the numbers of the English told heavily in their favor, and the Douglas in turn had lost his banner were it not for Sir Patrick Hepbourn and Sir Patrick his son, who "in the rescuing thereof did such feats of arms that it was greatly to their recommendation and to their heirs' forever after."

The issue long remained doubtful. There was gallant fighting on either hand. Douglas, seeing his men at disadvantage, cut his way deep into the press of English with a two-handed battle-ax, outstripping all his bodyguard except a single knight and a chaplain, who dealt as shrewd a blow as his lord. For a moment the crowd parted before the flashing ax; another moment and the Douglas had paid the penalty of reckless daring. He fell almost unheeded, pierced by three English lances. The foe passed on ignorant of the advantage they had gained. By him lay Sir William Hart, pierced with many wounds; over him the priest, Sir William of North Berwick, "a tall man and a hardy," stood off a thievish pack of camp followers. That deed won him later the archdiaconate of Aberdeen.

When the lords of Scotland reached their chief they found him in evil case. It was Sir John Sinclair who first asked how he did. "Right evil, cousin," quoth the earl, "but, thanked be God, there hath been few of my ancestors that hath died in their beds; but, cousin, I require you to think to revenge me. . . . I pray you to raise up my banner, which lieth on the ground, and my squire Davie Collemaine slain; but, sirs, show ye neither to friend nor foe in what case ye see me in; for if my enemies knew it they would rejoice, and our friends discomforted." The Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay advanced, raising the cry of "Douglas!" On all sides the Scot-



tish leaders rallied to the standard. The English, wearied by the long march from Newcastle, first yielded ground, then broke and fled, leaving the two Percys in the hands of the Scotch. The banner and the name triumphed, while the Douglas lay dead. He who will know the whole story of the rout—how the Bishop of Durham, leading strong reinforcements, met the fugitives of Otterburn, and his army melted away without his trying to stay the panic (wherein “a man may consider the great default that is in men that be abashed and discomforted;” for if they had held together they might yet have beaten the Scots)—he that will learn who was intrepid in fight, who magnanimous in victory, may find it all in the living pages of Froissart.<sup>2</sup>

The victory of the Scots, if barren, was complete. By their own account they captured a thousand of the English, wounded as many, and killed some eighteen hundred more, disabling in all nearly one-half of the English host. Most glorious of all, they held for ransom, among other notable prisoners, the two Percys. Of the Scots, there was an admitted loss by death or capture of some six hundred. Since Bannockburn, says Froissart, “the Scots never had journey [campaign] so profitable to them.” When tidings of it came to the great army before Carlisle, “how their company had distressed the Englishmen beside Otterburn, they were greatly rejoiced, and displeased in their minds that they had not been there.”

#### THE FIRST BALLAD—OTTERBURN.

The fame of this battle long endured on the border among

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<sup>2</sup>While at Orthex with Gaston de Foix, Froissart took down the tale from the lips of two squires of the Percy's host, one of whom the summer before had fallen prisoner to the Scots. Later Froissart heard the story of a knight and a squire of Scotland, who passed through Avignon. Sir John dwells on the narrative with loving care, for had he not campaigned in Scotland, where for a fortnight he had found shelter with Earl William Douglas at the castle of Dalkeith? There he had seen James, the future hero of Otterburn, “a fair young child.” He loved, too, the utter disinterestedness of the battle. It was clearly fighting for fighting's sake—a good knight's, not a general's, combat. Percy had thrown away an army for a pennon, Douglas had given his own life and many a valiant Scot's, that the Percy might have satisfaction.

both conquerors and conquered. It would seem, however, that the Scots had no need to magnify their victory; and the absence of Scottish ballads, except late and justly suspect versions, renders the study of the Scottish tradition impossible. On the English side of the border Otterburn must have been for long a name to pass in silence, though a name unforgettable. There was consolation in just one memory—the death of James Douglas. In this fact English chroniclers found mitigation of deplorable disaster. Already Walsingham, who certainly meant to write true history, tells that Douglas fell at Percy's hands; and other historians followed him, inevitably; for with Dame Gossip, says Mr. Meredith, it is "always the biggest foremost." Legend, her staid cousin, is no less a hero worshiper.

Legend mercifully rectifies the outrages of fact; and border song insensibly changed the bitter memory of Otterburn into one the North Country might cherish. This the minstrels—and the minstrels here means the people itself—brought about, through reshaping the battle that had been into the battle that should have been. The well-known ballad of "Otterburn" shows this process fully in train for the benefit of the children and grandchildren of those who were routed at Otterburn. The Douglas, says the ballad, harried Northumberland with his great host. When he had stripped it bare, he defied Sir Henry Percy before Newcastle.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
"Syr Hary Perssy, and thou byste within,  
Com to the fylde and fyght."

The Percy answered the challenge proudly and appointed a field at Otterburn, "in the hygh way."

"There schall I byde the," sayd the Dowglas,  
"By the fayth of my bodye:"  
"Thether schall I com," sayd Syr Harry Perssy,  
"My trowth I plyght to the."

So the Douglas withdrew to Otterburn; and there, according to plighted troth, the Percy followed him. The Scots were nearly five to one. Of the English there were

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,  
The cronykle will not layne;  
Forty thowsande of Skottes and fowre  
That day fowght them agayne.

Yet the Percy, observing a delicate scruple—for the Douglas had challenged only the force in Newcastle—refused proffered reënforcement, and marched with only the garrison to Otterburn and to battle. The two captains exhort their men to fight stoutly. The standards advance; cries of "Saint George" and "Saint Andrew" fill the air.

The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,  
Hys standerde stode on hye,  
That every man myght full well knowe;  
By syde stode starres thre.

The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,  
For soth as I yow sayne,  
The lucettes and the cressawntes both;  
The Skottes faught them agayne.

Sharp arrows fly; men at arms engage. The Percy and the Douglas meet, neither knowing the other, and exchange swinging blows, till the Percy deals the Douglas a deadly stroke.

The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,  
I tell yow in sertayne;  
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The battle raged stubbornly about the dead leader, with whom fell many Scottish knights. At length, the English having played havoc with the Scots—

Of fowre and forty thowsande Scottes  
Went but eyghtene awaye.

While of the English, too, there was left only a pitiful remnant. "Fyve hondert cam awaye," says the Ballad.

The other were slayne in the fylde,  
Cryste kepe ther sowles from wo!  
Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes  
Agaynst so many a foo.

A single stanza reviews the battle:

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NOTE.—I have used Prof. Gummere's composite form of the two ballads.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne  
 Bytwene the nyght and the day;  
 Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe  
 And the Perssy was lede awaye.

But the Percy was soon exchanged for a Scottish prisoner, Sir Hugh Montgomery—mark that name—and the ballad ends with a prayer for the soul of him who long guarded the northern marches:

Now let us all for the Perssy praye  
 To Jhesu most of myght,  
 To brynge hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,  
 For he was a gentyll knyght.

Here is certainly a very different story from Froissart's. The defeat of the fourteenth century has become the victory of the fifteenth. Only the capture of the Percy clouds a day glorious in English annals. Facts, even deplorable ones, that attach to great names are subject rather to attenuation than to oblivion, and the capture of their great leader was not lightly forgotten in Northumberland. To do tradition justice, if it passes over the fact at full gallop, it presents it at least without extenuation. Yet it curiously robs Sir Hugh Montgomery of a fame that history has never denied him. It was he who took the Percy with his own hand. The ballad with a peculiar perversity makes him a prisoner exchanged for his own captive. But the chance is that this reversal of rôles comes of no malice. Tradition might admit that the Scots collectively had taken the Percy; no loyal North Countryman could concede for long that any individual Scot—no, not the Douglas even—was stout enough for that. The Percy's capture, then, became "depersonalized," granting the word, and Sir Hugh Montgomery simply received his ballad fate with other great Scottish lords; in fact, fares better than most, for he is only captured, not killed. It seems almost a suspicious coincidence that Sir John Maxwell, Ralf Percy's captor, appears in the ballad among the Scottish slain; but I think the change is equally innocent. The more humiliating details of the fight border tradition was at no pains to learn, or, learning, to remember.

The English, in fact about three to one, appear in the bal-

lad as one to five against the Scots. Nor is this gross misrepresentation of the truth so unnatural as it seems. There were actually at the time of the battle upward of forty thousand Scots warring on English soil. The Douglas's small command had struck terror through two shires. Everybody had believed it to be the advance guard of the greater army, and only on the day of the fight had Percy learned the truth. It was not human nature to rectify such an error after the Scots had won, and all loyal North Countrymen were bound to disbelieve stoutly disquieting rumors that the enemy had been in small force.

Though the Percy had never refused his father's reinforcements, as the ballad says, he had in fact gone on without waiting for the Bishop of Durham, which came to the same thing. The border chieftains did not fight by appointment; still the incident of the captured pennon made them personal rather than national foes, and gave to their contest that essential character of a duel which tradition increasingly emphasized. As for the incident of the pennon, the pennon itself probably disappeared in the confusion of battle. The Scots carried back no visible token of a discomfiture which the Percy's rising fame soon repaired. The borderland, regarding the incident as closed, willingly forgot it.

The ballad of Otterburn represents the first stage of the legend. From a disastrous defeat the battle has become a draw in favor of the English, who fought against overwhelming odds; and if the Percy had the ill luck to be captured, it was only after James Douglas had fallen to his sword. Legend might well have rested here; but Otterburn still contained features not wholly to the mind of the border. A new tradition was forming which should set these matters right, and the ballad of "Chevy Chase" was soon to give the legend its classical form, fixing for all time the ideal of a border fight.

#### THE SECOND BALLAD—CHEVY CHASE.

The second ballad has shifted the scene from Otterburn, on English soil, to the Cheviot Hills. The Douglas is no longer an invader, but a lord who guards his own preserves; the Percy is no longer defender of Newcastle, but a bold trespasser on



the Douglas's domain. The fight between the two has lost largely its national significance; the Percy kills the Douglas deer, the Douglas defends his right; the whole incident serves merely to bring the rival chieftains face to face.

The ringing lines with which the ballad opens cannot fall too often on English ears:

The Perse owt off Northombarlonde,  
And avowe to God mayd he  
That he wold hunte in the mowntayns  
Off Chyviat within days thre,  
In the magger of doughte Dogles  
And all that ever with him be.  
The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat  
He sayd he wold kyll, and carry them away;  
"Be my feth," sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,  
"I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may."

For a whole Monday morning the English hunted at will, and the Percy was already mocking at the Douglas's forfeited word, when a squire caught the flash of Scottish spear points, and soon the advancing host. The Douglas in glittering armor rode before his men. Boldly he challenged the trespassers. Proudly the Percy gave back defiance for challenge. It were pity, said Douglas, that innocent blood should be shed for this personal grief. The Percy assented with a great oath; and the two captains prepared for single combat, while their men stood by. But the Percy had reckoned without his host. Before he had given or taken blow, a flight of cloth-yard arrows hissed toward the Scottish line. His archers could not abide the event, with an armed foe in range. The Scottish spearmen crashed into the mass of archers; the battle of Cheviot was on.

It was no long time before the Percy and the Douglas met. They smote each other

Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete,  
As ever dyd heal or rayn.

As the Douglas bid Percy yield him to King James, a random shaft pierced the Scotsman's breast. His last words were those of many a stricken leader:

"Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whylls ye may,  
For my lyff-days ben gan."

Very touching is the Percy's lament for his gallant foe:

The Perse leanyde on his brande,  
And sawe the Duglas de;  
He tooke the dede mane by the hande  
And sayd, "Wo ys me for the!  
To have savyde thy lyffe I wolde have partyde with  
My landes for years thre,  
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,  
Was nat in all the north contre."

As the Percy mused for a little space, Sir Hugh Montgomery, who had marked his lord's fall, pushed through the English archers with couched lance, reached the Percy, and pierced him from breast to back. The next instant an English arrow quivered in Montgomery's heart, and its swan feathers reddened with his blood. Thus the Percy and the Douglas fell.

Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Christiante  
Then that day slan wear ther.

Their men fought on desperately through the afternoon into the evening, and moonlight saw of fifteen hundred English only seventy-three survivors; of two thousand Scotch, but fifty-five. There was sore weeping on the border for the death of so many brave men, a grief, too, that should pass their own generation.

The chylde may rue that ys unborne,  
says the balladist, with his nobly conventional phrase for a lasting sorrow. At Edinburgh King James wrung his hands despairingly at the irreparable loss of his single great captain; at "lovely London," King Henry the Fourth swore revenge for a brave leader, but felt his own prestige untouched. Two stanzas loosely connected with the ballad tell us that

Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe  
Call it the battell of Otterburn.

And the joy of the whole ballad to a marchman is summed up in the penultimate stanza:

Ther was never a tym on the Marche-partes  
Sen the Doglas and Perse met,  
But yt ys meruele and the rede blude ronne not,  
As the reane doys in the stret.

It would be interesting to follow the leading of Addison, in noting how the primitive ferocity which is not lacking in

"Chevy Chase" is ennobled and beautified through chivalric valor and large compassion; but our concern is chiefly with the story, which differs alike from Froissart's account and from the earlier tradition which we know in the ballad of "Otterburn." First and most important is the shifting of the scene to Scotland, while the whole incident of the hunting lends to the ballad a motive at once novel and picturesque. Even more characteristic of the later ballad is the fact that both leaders fall, and fall, though face to face in mortal combat, by the blind chance of battle. As in "Otterburn," there is no decisive victory for either side. The Scots are still in greater force, but the disparity is by no means so marked as before. Fifteen hundred against two thousand is a fight on nearly equal terms. The numbers on both sides are greatly reduced from the actual facts. Finally the reporting of the battle to the two kings, though an obvious patriotic retouch, is a feature peculiar to the later ballad.

Such discrepancy with the facts of Otterburn, or those of any recorded fight on the border, has led to the belief that the ballad is essentially a literary product—as fictitious as "Marmion," say. In the middle of the seventeenth century already Hume of Godcroft, compiling the annals of the house of Douglas, wrote that the song "which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Chiviot seemeth indeed poeticall and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up vertue." Sir Philip Sidney had already borne witness by word and in body that the "olde song of Percy and Douglas" (it may have been "Otterburn," however) which moved his heart "more than with a trumpet" did indeed "stir up vertue;" perhaps most scholars of to-day would agree with Hume of Godcroft that the poem is a mere fiction. In fact, the hazy topography of the ballad, its gross anachronisms, such as making Henry IV., years before his accession, avenge the Percy by the battle of Homildon Hill (a fight the Percy lived to win himself in 1402), suggest that the poem is merely a *cento* of border traditions and based on no single historic event. And yet certain facts tell quite as strongly the other way. The author of the ballad certainly thought he sung of the fight at Otterburn, for he says as much himself:

Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe  
Call it the battell of Otterburn.

And, since ballad-making is not a matter of deliberate and personal invention, it is probable that the singer merely put into rude verse a tale that was told at every northern fireside. Other things speak even more definitely for the close relation of "Otterburn" and "Chevy Chase." In both the minor characters are the same; and, with few exceptions, historical. Finally, many stanzas from "Otterburn" have been taken over bodily into "Chevy Chase," or else adapted with slight changes, which makes it appear that the author of the later ballad, believing firmly that he had the truer story of the fight, adopted all that he might of the older version, thus utilizing thriftily a ballad that his own was to supersede. Though "Chevy Chase" was an old song by the middle of the sixteenth century, there is every appearance that it was composed a generation later than the battle of Otterburn, which was sung by those who knew very well how and where the field of Otterburn was fought—by those who, due allowance made for patriotic enlargement and suppression, told a story which some gray-haired survivor of the battle might have approved. Whereas he who first sung "Chevy Chase" as the veritable story of the famous fight must have aroused the protest of any who knew the truth, had any such heard him. The new legend, in fact, could hardly have arisen north of the Tyne, where old men still "knew the ground well," nor, in any case, till the fact it represented had passed over to the number of

Old, unhappy far-off things  
And battles long ago.

As the Percy and the Douglas vanished from the border, and their deeds as brave knights, and valiant cattle lifters withal, receded into a vague antiquity, border tradition centered more and more upon what was after all the heart of the matter, that the Percy and the Douglas once met in mortal fight, strove as Scot and Englishman are wont to do, and parted with equal honor, if not fortune. Gradually those heroic formulas in which the border abounded replaced any few facts that lingered in cur-

rent tradition, till nothing historical remained but the figures of the rival chieftains and the names of their brave followers. The hunt in Cheviot may even have remote historical warrant. Some mad borderman may have poached lordfully in Cheviot, to his own damage, and to the breaking of Scottish heads. Certain it is that the Scots gentlemen hunted over the border in Queen Mary's time. Carey, Earl of Monmouth, Warden of the Marches, writes significantly that the band of forty English that he sent after the trespassers did them "some hurt," though he had given order that his deputies "should shed as little blood as possible they could." Such an obscure fight, escaping formal record, might have left its mark first in local tradition; and finally must have been transferred from a nameless hero to the Percy, by that feudal right which compels all valiant deeds whatsoever to the service of a people's champion.

But how, it may be objected, could popular tradition rob its idol of the glory of slaying its archenemy? How should tradition revert so strangely to fact? Montgomery, in the earlier ballad a captive, here becomes the slayer of the Percy. Really the Percy's captor, legend has more than repaid him with usury. Can it be that a later tradition, often far from historical, should correct by mere chance the injustice of an earlier? or must we believe that "Chevy Chase" was the work of a singer who, inventing for the most part, yet consulted his chronicles at times? Certainly no ballad in all Professor Child's stately collection seems less literary, and more truly of the people; and we shall be loath to believe that we have to do with anything like conscious authorship. Nor is this necessary; for we may discern in every change the mind and feeling of the border folk among whom this legend quite unconsciously took form.

The battle of Otterburn was remote even when the first ballad was sung. Already memories of humiliation and defeat had been softened. But it was not yet time for magnanimity to a fallen foe, nor for any noble idealization of the English hero. The sting of defeat was too near, the terror of the Douglas's name too real to be contemplated calmly or generously. Did the Douglas fall? The glory of that must redound to the



great earl Percy. The Scots put up a good fight—"Yes, but the rascals were five to one against us." The Percy was taken—"Yes, but he fought on the Douglas's terms, refusing reinforcements that would have made victory sure." So with irritated patriotism and ill-concealed resentment the bordermen argued about the battle of Otterburn until some one put it into rhyme for them, when they sung it instead.

With time came magnanimity. The Douglas and the Percy had become fully legendary, the record of their fighting—of their actual gains and losses—dimmed. This only remained in mind, that they had once fought valiantly on the border, and that their fairest field was Otterburn. With this as point of departure the sturdy bordermen wove gradually for the two heroes a battle thoroughly worthy of each. The supreme contest of the Percy and the Douglas was to be such as the border could approve—such a fight as, with loyalty to a national hero intact, allowed unstinted admiration to a brave foe. The tradition represented in "Otterburn" had robbed Montgomery of his glory in the battle, other versions had done him greater justice, and the later ballad chooses the more generous story. We need not seek narrowly, nor can we, the contributory shares in this process of authenticated memories and of immemorial tradition. Suffice it to say that whatsoever thing the border folk had experienced or conceived concerning generous warfare, that has taken its place in the new legend. "Chevy Chase," then, is the ideal which the border folk of the late fifteenth century held of a border fight; an ideal which laid hold of two great names of history and retold after its own fashion the story of their last combat. Thus arose that happiest feature of the ballad that the two captains share a common death, no personal advantage accruing to either. It is thus that a fight to the death should end; the field cleared, neither side victor nor vanquished. Whoever has read the lines graven on the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm at Quebec,

*Mortem virtus communem, famam historia, monumentum posteritas dedit,*

will have felt a thrill that greater words fail to evoke. History

had refused Percy so fair a death. Hotspur died, as all the world knows, a rebel against the king. Legend has made good to him the injury of fact. Nothing less than a common death and a common glory befitted the great heroes of the border, and the ballad of the "Hunting of the Cheviot," the work of English hands, is their common monument.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

*The Evening Post, New York.*

## THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE.<sup>1</sup>

It need scarcely be said that a fairly large literature, in a special sense of the term, has of late grown up around the question how literature in general should be taught. Whole books have been devoted to it, and the number of articles concerning it is very great. I myself have written three such papers; but it is a subject that admits of much discussion, and I suppose that I am not exceptional in finding myself dissatisfied, in the light of accumulating experience, with much of my past theorizing and writing. For this reason, if for no other, I should like to examine the matter afresh.

To do this, we must reason from the bottom up; and we shall require working definitions of our two terms, "literature" and "teaching." No one has yet succeeded in defining "literature," but it is generally understood that when used in connection with schools and colleges, to a less extent with universities and the general reading public, the term literature is narrowed by the exclusion of books that have little or no æsthetic value. In other words, only the books which through their subject-matter or their style or through both please us to a certain extent—that is, affect our emotions in a more or less agreeable way—are counted as constituting "literature" in our sense of the term. These agreeable books are mainly differentiated through the fact that they are full of that indefinable something which we call "imagination"—that is to say, they usually fall under the categories of poetry and fiction. It is furthermore evident not merely that masses of books, useful for various purposes, but not capable of giving much or any æsthetic pleasure, are excluded from literature, but that perhaps as many more are excluded because they have comparatively ceased to please and are no longer literature for us. In other words, time does part of our winnowing for us—the teaching of literature means really the teaching, not of once popular, but of classic books,

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<sup>1</sup>The substance of a public lecture delivered during the summer session of Columbia University, July, 1902.

and, in a few cases, of such contemporary books as seem to possess qualities likely to make them classic.

But what does the term "teaching" mean when applied to a subject that involves our emotional natures? Here is really the *crux* of our problem. Do we understand that for us to teach shall mean to inculcate, or that it shall mean to impart pleasure, or that it shall mean to instruct, or that it shall mean all three? If we emphasize the idea of inculcation, we must obviously intend to give ourselves up chiefly to what I have elsewhere termed *teaching the spirit of literature*—to inculcating the higher and the lower virtues of humanity that are in various ways illustrated in the classical writings of our own literature and of foreign literatures. For example, we shall use Lowell's odes in order to inculcate the virtue of patriotism.

If we emphasize the idea of imparting delight, we must intend to give ourselves up to the task of training the æsthetic faculties of our pupils so that they may more fully appreciate the beauties of literature and learn more and more to take pleasure in the choicest books. For example, we shall use Lowell's odes in order to impart and develop the delight that the trained ear receives from choice diction and harmonious rhythm. For many of us it is of course impossible to avoid combining inculcation of the humane virtues with this imparting of æsthetic delight, but it is possible greatly to emphasize the latter function of the teacher, since the giving of æsthetic pleasure is held by not a few critics to be the main if not the sole reason for the existence of literature.

If, on the other hand, we emphasize the idea of instruction, we must obviously intend to give ourselves up, in the main, to teaching the facts of literature—that is, to dwelling upon literary history and biography, to laying stress on names and dates and periods, to tracing literary influences, to studying the evolution of a special form of composition; for example, the drama. In brief, if we use literature as matter for inculcation, we teachers of it must, in part at least, take our stand with the preachers, the moralists; and if as a means of imparting delight, with the apostles of æsthetic culture; if, on the contrary,

we use literature as matter for instruction, we must take our place with our friends who endeavor to convey a knowledge of the facts of language, of history, of economics, of the natural sciences.

But I doubt if there are many teachers of literature who do not endeavor to combine the methods involved in the phrases, to impart delight, to inculcate, and to instruct. They use Lowell's odes to inculcate the virtue of patriotism, and to impart and develop æsthetic pleasure; but they also give instruction with regard to the facts of Lowell's life and of American history that explain how and why he came to write his odes, and to fill them with the patriotic spirit. Yet this does not get us so far away from our *crux* as we may imagine. The question of the proportions of inculcation and æsthetic training to be blended with one another and with instruction still remains to perplex us, and we are still confronted with the more difficult and certainly the more practical question of how we shall test the value of the instruction we convey. If we are to have our classes recognized as integral parts of the school or college curriculum, we must either hold our examinations and make our reports, as our friends—I will not call them rivals—do, or we must adopt other methods of advancing and graduating our students and must satisfy our fellow-teachers that we are not merely giving what are technically known in college slang as "snap courses." I suppose my own experience has been that of many in this matter. I have detected among my friends engaged in other forms of instruction a tendency to question the strictness, the mental discipline, the definite, tangible qualities of the work done in school and college classes devoted to the study of literature. Certainly this is the case with respect to English and other modern literatures; the literatures of Greece and Rome, having so long been used as material for philological studies, have been less questioned on the score of the strictness of the mental discipline derived from instruction in them, but have not escaped censure on the score of general utility. I do not believe that the doubts of these critical teachers are unnatural, or that they will be removed unless we succeed in doing



one of two things. We must either impart such rigidity to our tests of the amount and quality of our instruction as shall make it obvious that our classes are as difficult to pass as those of any teacher of another branch of study; or we must by a clear analysis of the theory of the teaching and study of literature convince all other educators, and perhaps the public as well, that, while literature is as important a study as any other and must be included in any good school, college, or university curriculum, the methods of teaching it are of necessity fundamentally different from those employed in other studies and warrant a great departure from the normal tests of instruction.

Has any one made such an analysis of the theory of the teaching of literature as clearly sets that study apart from all others? If any one has, I have not seen it. On the other hand, has any one succeeded in imparting such rigidity to the methods of teaching literature and testing the instruction conveyed as to make it plain that literature is as difficult and important a study as any other? I have no doubt that many persons have done this, at least so far as concerns the matter of difficulty. I have done it myself and can engage to pitch anybody else or to get pitched myself in an indefinite series of examinations. But, while we are imparting rigidity to our instruction, are we not in constant danger of forgetting our work of inculcation and of æsthetic training? Are we not further haunted by the thought that an extremely large proportion of the facts about literature that we make our pupils learn must be speedily forgotten by them and can in few cases do them any direct good?

I confess I have been haunted by this thought for nearly fifteen years. Ever since I had certain answers given me, which I am fond of repeating, I have doubted the great value of instruction not merely in the facts of literary history and biography, but in minute verbal exegesis. Ever since a student, remembering that *cynosure* is derived from the Greek for dog's tail, commented on the beautiful lines of "L'Allegro,"

Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighboring eyes,

to the effect that they had something to do with a dog, I have been skeptical of the utility of much of the teaching that we feel obliged to examine upon. I have also been skeptical of many of the other tests of memory to which unfortunate children have been and are subjected—for example, of the tests of memory required of them in geography and grammar; but in geography and grammar the use of maps and examples helps the memory, whereas in literature there is little support given to the memory save by a comparatively few specimens of poetry and prose read in class and in private. Surely our brethren who teach the sciences have in their laboratories, in their experiments, a great advantage over us who can seldom bring our students into sufficient contact with the body of that literature about the history and minute details of which we propose to examine them more or less strictly.

But some one may say, "You are behind the times." Literature used to be taught from manuals and other dry-as-dust compilations, but now we use carefully selected and edited texts, we have school libraries, we make our pupils do a considerable amount of outside reading. We require them to study up special topics and write essays upon them—in other words, we use "laboratory methods."

So be it; yet I fancy that I have had a fair opportunity of watching the development of English instruction in this country. I can go back to the day when a little English grammar and a weekly composition or recitation of a poem constituted the English work of many a well-regulated school. I can recollect when specific English chairs were first established in large universities. I well remember the leading features of English instruction during the decade from 1880 to 1890. It was almost entirely philological. Young doctors from German universities were returning in large numbers, the Johns Hopkins University was initiating German methods, and as a result it was difficult anywhere in the United States to secure specifically literary instruction. The text-books used in school and college alike were filled with notes tracing the history of words, but were singularly lacking, not merely in anything that would

stimulate a pupil's love of literature, but often in anything that would give him an adequate idea of the place in literary history held by the author and book he was studying. The well-known Clarendon Press Shakespeare texts for school and college use remain as a monument of this unliterary—I will not say illiterate—period of our teaching of English.

Late in the eighties and early in the nineties came the inevitable reaction—a small crusade against the neglect of literature in the universities and schools. The result was soon apparent. Philologists began to desire to prove themselves to be experts in literature as well, and issued some queer text-books. Specific chairs of literature were established, and soon some colleges and universities “ran to” literature, just as others, ten years before, had “run to” philology. The change was even more marked in the schools. Classes in English literature were added to the curriculum, and a series of English classics was selected on which examinations for entrance into college were based. Latter-day school-teachers know the woes and the blessings attendant upon teaching those English classics better than I do, since, when I taught in schools, English literature was scarcely recognized as a fit subject of instruction—at least in the South.

But has this movement of the past ten years been as much of an advance as some of us who tried to help it on fondly imagined it would be? Are teachers of literature in possession of methods of teaching comparable in applicability and precision to those of other teachers? Are the pupils they teach satisfactorily trained? Is literature as a subject of instruction really on a par with other subjects of instruction?

To these questions varying answers will of course be given. I myself do not doubt that we have progressed, although I do doubt whether we have made much advance. I suspect that our methods are still very faulty, not merely because literature is a difficult subject to teach, but because we have not thoroughly analyzed our purposes or our means. I scarcely believe that literature, in spite of the increased attention given to it, is on a par with other subjects of instruction. And I even ven-

ture to question whether the average boy or girl goes to college with much more knowledge and love of literature than was the case before they were drilled and examined in the redoubtable "English Classics." Observe that I do not question that our public schools have done a most useful work in bringing into some contact with literature masses of children who a generation ago would have been left without that refining influence upon their lives. What I doubt is whether the generation now entering college, after a course of literature in the schools, is much better off, so far as a love and a knowledge of literature are concerned, than my own generation was with practically no training in the subject. The present generation, if it has been properly trained, ought to be a good deal better off; but while it is certainly a most athletic generation, to the muscular strength and dexterity of which I willingly doff my hat, it has not succeeded in making me feel that it knows much more about Shakespeare and Milton and Byron and Shelley than we benighted youngsters did over twenty years ago. Perhaps, however, more football and baseball have neutralized the effects of more training in literature.

But what I am mainly concerned with is the question from which I have wandered away—the question whether we teachers of literature can safely make our methods as rigid as those of other teachers, and, if we cannot, whether we can convince our brother teachers of the sciences and the semi-sciences that our methods must be radically different from theirs. This question with regard to rigidity of methods is an old one. The late Professor Freeman, the historian, violently opposed the establishment of a chair of literature at Oxford. "We cannot examine," he said, "in tastes and sympathies." To which Mr. Churton Collins replied: "No, examine in the *Poetics*, in the *Rhetoric*, in Quintilian's *Institutes*, in the *De Sublimitate*, in the *Laocoon*, and examine with the object of testing the results of such discipline." This was an excellent answer so far as postgraduate classes in criticism were concerned; but, as I pointed out over ten years ago in this *REVIEW*, Mr. Collins did very little to help school and college teachers of



literature. These have to examine in *Comus* and *The Merchant of Venice*, not in Aristotle, Longinus, and Lessing. They do examine in the former, and, with the aid of the notes learned editors furnish, the examinations set may be made rigid enough to satisfy the most censorious critic. But at once we are thrown on the other horn of our dilemma. Do we not sacrifice the spirit of literature while we are examining on the letter, or rather training our poor children so that they may stand some other person's examination on the letter? As the dread day comes around, do teachers find themselves and their classes reading with rapt interest the noble speeches of Portia, or are they busy with the date of the play, with some critic's opinion with regard to Portia's womanliness, with the names and dates of actual women lawyers and law teachers in Italy, with the sources of the caskets incident, and similar matters only too dear to examiners?

I do not know how others feel about the matter, but I know that after about two years' firm grasping of the rigid horn of the dilemma, if I may so express myself, I began gradually to swing myself over to the other horn—to what I may call the flexible horn. I began to doubt the value of strenuous examinations and to appreciate more and more the necessity of trying to inculcate in my students some of the high moral and spiritual truths taught by great writers, and to impart to them a taste for reading, a love of the best literature. In order to achieve this result, even to a slight extent (and a slight success is all that I think any teacher should dare to hope for), I found that I must do much less instructing—much less questioning with regard to the facts of literary history—and that I must do far more reading of authors than talking about them. I found also that it seemed advisable, in a college at least, to make a distinction between the younger and the older students—to treat the younger ones somewhat as I should treat high-school pupils, the older ones somewhat as I should treat postgraduate students. With the latter I adopted methods which need not be discussed here; with the former, methods which, if sound, should, it seems to me, be shared in the main by all teachers of literature in schools;



for if our American college is anything, it is a halfway house, or station, between the high school and the university. In consequence, it should begin by continuing in considerable measure the methods of teaching used in the schools, and it should gradually change these methods so as to make them lead up to those of the university proper.

But my new treatment of my younger students led to some important results. Reading so much to them myself and giving them so much outside reading to do left no time for the study of a formal manual of literary history. As a text-book of that sort does little good if used by the pupil alone, it followed that I had to reduce the study of the history of literature to a minimum. I finally required the reading of Stopford Brooke's excellent "Primer of English Literature," but did not examine on it. I knew well enough that I was making a sacrifice on the side of exact knowledge, but it seemed to me it had to be made. There were other sacrifices requisite. I like to criticise, I like to theorize, and I have my favorite authors, some of whom are not specially suited to the comprehension and needs of young people. I found that only the most general and obvious kind of criticism was possible under my new system, that much theorizing was out of the question, and that often the books I should never have thought of taking down from my shelves for my own delectation were precisely the ones I ought to take down for the delectation and profit of my students. In other words, I found out by bitter experience that the teacher must sacrifice to his students his personal preferences, his prejudices, his time, almost everything except his enthusiasm and other traits that make him a real individual. A mere repeater of other people's thoughts, a man or woman who has no standards, no decided points of view, will of course fail as a teacher, but so I think will the man or woman who is not willing to sacrifice prejudices and preferences, and to sympathize with the tastes and needs of students. I will illustrate my meaning by a concrete incident. I had an excellent assistant once, to whom, however, I had to give one mild scolding. I happened to overhear him one day making fun of Scott's poetry to a class

of boys few of whom were over seventeen. Neither that assistant nor myself was at the age when "The Lady of the Lake" is a surpassing delight, but those boys were, and I expostulated with that assistant. He could scarcely have acted more fatuously than to ridicule Scott, unless he had done what I myself had been guilty of a few years before—to wit, ridiculing Longfellow. Longfellow with all his merits is—well, perhaps sometimes not far from fatuous, but that teacher is far more fatuous who emphasizes Longfellow's fatuity to school children and college students. It is scarcely necessary to say that teaching should almost invariably be positive rather than negative in character. It should bring out the merits of the book studied rather than its defects. It should aim to develop in children a catholic taste for everything that is good in literature, rather than to encourage prejudices, although a prejudice in favor of an author or a book should be dealt with cautiously. In other words, the good teacher of literature must have many of the qualifications requisite to a good critic—he must be sympathetic, healthy in his tastes, sound in his judgments, and fairly well read.

But the teacher who devotes himself mainly to wide and sympathetic reading with his classes, who rarely instructs but continually endeavors by direct and indirect means to inculcate humane virtues and develop æsthetic tastes—in other words, to instill into his pupils a love of the books that illustrate those virtues and exercise those tastes—must be prepared to make other sacrifices. He must be prepared, as I have said, to sink his own preferences for special books and to use such as will best suit his pupils. He must also be willing to rely on his own judgment rather than on the judgments of others, even of omniscient college professors. If the annotated texts furnished him do not produce the best results, he must eschew their use. Personally I have found such texts occasionally valuable, but I prefer Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" to any annotated text I ever used, and that delightful book I need scarcely say is one that every teacher should be glad to take down from his shelves for his own enjoyment.

But the teacher must often make a sacrifice of part of what may be called his technical equipment. Most of us are trained to question our students systematically and to make use of the tests furnished by oral and written examinations. Yet I do not see, any more than Professor Freeman did, how the teacher can examine on tastes and sympathies, how he can ask questions about the humane virtues, without running great risk of making his students prigs, and himself—what shall I say?—a canting Pharisee? Perhaps that is too strong—let me say a plain fool. I believe it to be very foolish to make young people self-conscious with regard to spiritual and æsthetic things by insisting upon their talking and writing about them. It is still more foolish to think that one can satisfactorily mark and grade their answers on such topics.

But some one may ask: "Can we not examine on the facts we instruct in, and require essays on the spiritual and æsthetic matters we inculcate and impart? By means of a combination of marks for diligence and interest shown in class work, for success in written examinations, and for ability displayed in the composition of themes and essays can we not grade our pupils in a thoroughly satisfactory manner?"

So far as marks for diligence and interest in class work are concerned, I fancy that no school superintendent or principal or fellow-teacher in another study will deny that a good teacher of literature is able to grade his pupils satisfactorily. So far as advancement in school or college is dependent upon such grading, which is itself dependent upon the judgment of the individual teacher, I cannot see that literature stands on a markedly different footing from other studies. With regard to examinations on the facts of literary history and biography, I suppose their disciplinary value is not greatly less than that of examinations in many other topics. Their value as a means to store the mind with useful and available knowledge is more questionable, and, although literature means much to me personally, I am obliged to confess that I doubt whether it is not outranked by most other studies as a body of useful and available knowledge. As matters stand, teachers must examine in

it. The colleges require entrance examinations and will continue for some time to require them—whether or not a few unfashionable people like myself think they have made too much of a fetch of their written tests. The colleges not only require examinations, but have, I think, far too much to do with determining the subjects and the range of those examinations, and the methods by which teachers shall prepare their pupils to stand them. Surely in such matters the teacher is often better informed than the college professor, and should be heard from more than he is. But it will take a very authoritative body of teachers and professors combined to make me revise my opinion as to the general worthlessness to all parties concerned of the examinations now set on the so-called English classics—which sometimes are not classics at all, and as usually presented are more suggestive of the tool carpenters call a bore than they are of that delightful something we call literature.

I gladly admit that probably the required examinations on English texts have done good in making room for the study of English literature in schools, and that as a temporary expedient the establishment of the system was warranted. But I think that a radical change in the methods of preparing boys and girls for college is called for—so far at least as English is concerned—since I doubt whether the examinations in literature now help the colleges or the school-teachers greatly, and I suspect they help the unfortunate pupils still less. I doubt if any of us knows so clearly as the teacher of mathematics does, for example, in his specialty, what amount of knowledge of literary history and biography, and of metrical, linguistic, and rhetorical facts needed in literary studies, a freshman should possess on entering college. I doubt whether any of us can be truly said to be very sapient with regard to the best methods of conveying this unknown minimum of instruction—for that there should be *some* instruction in these matters is clear—and I also doubt whether most of the instruction we do attempt does not frequently act as a deterrent from the true comprehension and enjoyment of literature. I will even go



so far as to say that at present I should prefer to admit to college on positive tests in composition, rhetoric, and grammar—in other words, on tests relating to the use of the vernacular—and on the statement by the teacher that the pupil had done a wide amount of reading under direction.

For it is wide reading that best develops any native love of literature, that is most likely to bring out a latent love for it, and that not infrequently leads to the attainment of a greater knowledge of the facts of literary history and biography than is often attained through cut-and-dried methods of instruction. It is a lack of fairly wide reading on the part of students and a certain inflexibility of taste resulting from narrow reading and faulty literary instruction that hamper me more than anything else in teaching college classes. It is this same lack of wide reading that chiefly discourages postgraduate students during the first year of their university course and that renders so many of their dissertations jejune and amateurish. I grant that the school and college curriculums are so crowded that it is almost unfair to expect of pupils and students as much general reading as was done by my contemporaries; but I believe that if all the school classics were annotated for reading instead of study, and if examinations in literature in school or college were either done away with or minimized, the time saved might be profitably employed in reading. The amount and quality of this reading could be at least fairly tested—not so well, perhaps, by concrete questions, which might be anticipated by the pupil, as by the intelligence with which certain passages were read aloud. This would not of course be a conclusive test. The bright pupil willing to be dishonest could easily pretend to have read more than he had done; but is any test that can be devised sufficiently flexible to catch bright dishonest pupils without being unfair to less bright and more honest ones?

Whether now the school authorities would be satisfied to admit to the curriculum classes in which no examinations were held, even if the colleges waived literature as an entrance examination subject, is a point on which I have no data for forming an opinion. I should think, however, that a fairly satisfactory



system of grading could be built up on marks for diligence, which are in the nature of conduct marks, and on the time spent on reading in class as well as on the hours presumably covered by the outside reading. Such a system of grading could also take into account the character of the reading aloud done by the pupil, and on the intelligence displayed in this, on the general diligence vouched for by the teacher, and on the time devoted to reading by the pupil I should imagine that all questions relating to advancement could be determined satisfactorily to parents, principals, and fellow-teachers. Such satisfaction would naturally depend upon all parties concerned being made to see clearly that rigid examinations and other tests in literary studies not only do little positive good, but are really harmful as lessening the teacher's opportunities to inculcate and train rather than to instruct, and as boring pupils and putting a barrier between them and that body of literature with which it is most essential that they should be brought into frequent and prolonged contact. If, finally, written tests must be set in order not to disturb too violently the school machinery, why should it not be understood that all examinations in literature would be graded on the interest, diligence, and general intelligence shown by the pupil, and on his ability to write correct English, rather than on his knowledge of facts about literature, except as regards that unknown minimum of instruction about which a word will be said later? Such examinations would supplement those given in English composition, would throw fresh light upon the character and mental attainments of each pupil, and would assist in the determination of all questions relative to advancement. They would also furnish those ocular evidences of a pupil's immaturity or unwillingness to apply himself that are so needed by teachers whenever their decisions are disputed.

But the third sort of test mentioned a few moments ago remains to be considered—the test furnished by the writing of frequent essays. This is a favorite test with some teachers, and is doubtless successful when the pupil has an aptitude for writing. But that aptitude is comparatively rare, and I am not sure that essay-writing is not nearly or quite as bad for most young peo-

ple as rigid examinations in literature are likely to be. In this particular I fear I am a grievous heretic. Neatly written essays are such gentlemanly and ladylike things—especially when they are tied with ribbons. I always feel as if I were highly honored when a nice young man or woman presents me with the product of many hours' study and creative energy, particularly when it is typewritten and of moderate length. When the writer is a person of some maturity, a graduate student who has done either a small or a large amount of individual research, I always examine the essay with pleasure, both because I very frequently learn something I am glad to know and because I feel that I may be of service in directing a bent for study which I presume to exist from the fact that the graduate student has taken the trouble to enter as a candidate for a higher degree.

But for the school or college essay used as a test of literary work rather than as a test of work in English composition, I must confess I have very little respect. I fear that it encourages smattering, that it stimulates juvenile conceit, that it tends to crystallize tastes and opinions at an age when every effort should be made to widen and lend flexibility to the mind, that it leads to unconscious plagiarism and to a complacent habit of airing one's commonplaceness and fatuity. I wish to avoid seeming extreme, but I must say that American schools and colleges have in my judgment set far too high a premium upon essay-writing. I gather from some remarks of Mr. Frederic Harrison that this has been done in England also, and I am glad that in Mr. Harrison I find at least one sharer of my pessimistic views with regard to the future of a race that is encouraged from its earliest youth to write itself down with Dogberry. I have no quarrel, of course, with the theme or essay employed as a means to improve a student's use of his mother tongue; I have no quarrel with it employed as a means to develop the critical powers and the literary tastes of students who in one way or another have given evidence of aptitude for the study of letters; I have no quarrel with the essay or written report used moderately in connection with classes in literature, especially in universities. What moves me to wrath is our national

habit of requiring graduation theses of Harry and Lucy, no matter whether they want to write them or not, and of insisting that they inflict them upon adult audiences. I am also moved to pity—perhaps I show only my own folly in it—when I see teachers loaded down with bundles of essays on literary topics which they have conceived it to be their duty to demand from every member of their classes. I cannot help believing that nine out of ten of those essays give no real evidence of any higher power than that of extracting jejune information from encyclopedias and the essays of other people. The tenth, perhaps, gives evidence of something better; but cannot the teacher find out this tenth student without making the other nine dish up hebdomadal hashes of platitudes?

Any teacher who will not encourage and guide any student honestly desirous of learning how to write upon literary topics is unworthy of the name of teacher. Any man of letters who does not remember that he was once a neophyte himself, and gladly give what help he can to a competent young man or woman purposing to enter upon a literary life, is unworthy of the standing he has obtained. But the teacher or man of letters who encourages every one, regardless of natural aptitude, to write literary essays upon every possible occasion seems to me to be doing little good either to the individual encouraged or to the cause of education. If the amount of time spent by average school children and college students upon consulting encyclopedias and compiling essays were devoted to good reading, I fancy that the cause of culture would be greatly subserved. I would give every child the chance to develop whatever faculty it may have for writing, just as I would give it the chance to develop its presumptive faculty for drawing, for music, and for the other arts—but I think that this should be done by the teacher of composition, who can easily call in the teacher of literature to lend his aid should the case seem to require it. For the teacher of literature, however, to divert his energies from his greatest task of inculcating a love of wide reading to inculcating in Tom, Dick, and Harry a desire to see themselves in print or to hear themselves on a commencement platform is to me at least

a most questionable procedure. And surely the mere knowledge amassed by the essay writer does not compensate for the injury that may be done him in the ways I have mentioned.

Perhaps I ought to give two experiences I have had in this connection that will help to explain the strong language I have employed. I shall not soon forget the disgust I felt when an old teacher of mine—a most admirable man in many ways—once told his class complacently how he had won a prize of fifty dollars for an essay on Chaucer. He had never read a line of that great poet, but he took "Poole's Index," read up his subject in various magazine articles, and was clever enough to win the prize. He told us that story with pride, and practically said to each one of us, "Go thou and do likewise." It seemed to me that although he had not cut off his hand before writing that essay, he ought to have cut out his tongue before boasting about it. Yet how much smattering and intellectual dishonesty similar to his have been fostered in this country by the givers of prizes, the assigners of essays, the conductors of literary clubs!

My second experience was more amusing and less nauseating. I used, years ago, to be pestered by a worthy but very immature student to give him bibliographies that would help him to write essays on Dante, Petrarch, and other great poets of whose works I knew that he had never read a line. The same student was acting as private secretary to a friend of mine, and, whenever his employer went out, this youthful essayist would go to the front door and hail passers-by with the request that they would spell for him words of two or more syllables that occurred in the letters he had to typewrite. I am not, I believe, niggardly of my time where students are concerned, but the incursions of that young man into my study for books on Italian literature, when he should have asked to borrow a Webster's Spelling Book, tried my patience sorely. I have never since been able to view with equanimity the wholesale writing of essays.

Now a word in conclusion with regard to that unknown minimum of knowledge of literary history and biography, and of metrical, rhetorical, and linguistic facts, that a Fresh-

man should probably possess on entering college. My language here must be very tentative, for I must confess that the topic is one that has long puzzled me sorely. As for the metrical, rhetorical, and linguistic facts, it would be a comfort to rely for instruction in them on the teacher of English composition. As for the literary history and biography, it would be a comfort to rely on the teacher of history proper; for literature is a part of culture-history, and we must sooner or later wake up to the fact that political and military history should not monopolize the attention of school children. But I doubt whether the teachers of history and of composition will care to have their labors greatly increased, and I suppose we must blunder along until some one writes us a common sense "Introduction to the Study of Literature" in which this minimum of positive knowledge is conveyed in an agreeable fashion. When such a textbook is written, many of us will doubtless be willing to sing our *Nunc Dimittis*.

But I have promulgated heresies enough for one paper. I have frankly stated my belief that the time devoted to spiritual inculcation and to æsthetic training is of far more importance than that devoted to instruction in the facts of literature, and I draw hence the conclusion that we teachers of literature ought bravely to say to our fellow-teachers something like this: "We can, if we please, make our examinations as rigid as you do yours, but we do not believe that our facts are as important as yours, or at any rate can be acquired with so much advantage to our pupils. We wish to grade and advance our pupils on more flexible lines than you adopt, because we believe that the nature of our subject makes such flexible lines advisable. We believe that both the subject we teach and the subjects you teach are necessary to a catholic education; but that, while we are contributing to the same end as you, our means must be different from yours."

Some such appeal, accompanied by friendly discussion, will I am sure, in time satisfy every intelligent person that no harm to school discipline will be done if the teaching of literature finally resolves itself into little more than securing a wide amount of reading from children during their school years.



It will, I trust, in time satisfy the colleges that the examinations they now hold on selected English classics are more or less useless and should be abandoned. Finally, I trust that the study we must all give to the problems connected with the teaching of literature will sooner or later lead us—I will not say to become teetotalers with regard to our national dissipation in essay-writing—but at least moderate in our use of that seductive form of mental titillation. When I see young ladies and gentlemen armed with their numerous and formidable essays, I am irresistibly reminded of the young woman who drank so many cups of tea that the elder Mr. Weller was compelled to exclaim that she was “a swellin’ wisely.” I seem to see the young lady and gentleman essayists “swellin’ wisely” with mental pride. Let us have fewer new bad essays written and more good old books read.

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## THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL.

THE recent four months' visit of Mr. William Butler Yeats to our country has brought the high ideals and beautiful accomplishment of "The Irish Literary Revival" before us with the appeal of the spoken word, even in this unoratorical day so much more intimate and searching than that of the printed page. For twelve years now, since the beginning of the propaganda of the Irish Literary Society, London, in 1892, there has been much discussion of "The Irish Literary Revival" and of "The Neo-Celtic Renaissance," as some critics have called the literary activity in Ireland and in Ireland's fellow-Celtic countries, the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, Wales, Brittany, and Cornwall. In this discussion, there has been no little logrolling, a large share of loose speaking, absurd overpraise, and contemptuous depreciation come of racial prejudice, a number of beautiful and true appreciations of individual poets, both by men in the movement and men without, and several earnest attempts on the part of the workers within the movement to realize its significance. I would make an attempt to put the significance to English literature of the lesser movement, "The Irish Literary Revival."

Irish writers have contributed what is most important to English literature of the accomplishment of the so-called Neo-Celtic Renaissance. Of this contribution Mr. Yeats has told America eloquently in his lectures, "The Intellectual Revival in Ireland," "Poetry in the Old Time and in the New," and "The Drama: What It Is and What It Might Be;" but in none of these did he claim that the movement had yet contributed any great masterpiece to English literature. He declared his belief that the movement was strong in that it was based on national feeling, as was the movement in Norway that gave Ibsen and Björnson to the world; he believed that the movement had strength in that it was founded, to a certain degree, on folk song and folk story; and he hoped that it would continue to

have, as he believed it had now, something of the simplicity and earnestness of mediæval art. These are the modest claims for "The Irish Literary Revival" by the member whom critics are agreed in considering its greatest writer. The movement can surely claim more than this. It seems to me that in two of the great literary forms Irishmen and Irishwomen have attained results that compare favorably with those of the strongest contemporary English writers. High poetry and noble drama with national spirit have been written by several Irish writers that have come into prominence since the death of Tennyson, in 1892. In the essay and the novel young Irish writers have attained success; but their successes have not been so notable as in poetry and in drama, and but few of the more notable essays and but very few of the more notable novels have the national quality. In the humbler forms of the novel, however, the folk tale and the short story are bits out of Ireland's heart, and in the lesser literary form of the legendary history Mr. Standish O'Grady and Lady Augusta Gregory have almost no English competitors. In Mr. Standish O'Grady's "The Heroic Period" (1878) and "Cuchulain and His Contemporaries" (1880) the writers of "The Irish Literary Revival" found the material for their reshapings of old legend into poetry and drama, and in Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne" and "Gods and Fighting Men" these legends have been given artistic form of such distinction that the two books bid fair to take rank with the "Morte D'Arthur" and the "Mabinogion."

The Irish poets of high account seem to me to be Mr. Yeats, Mr. G. W. Russell, and Lionel Johnson; the Irish dramatists of high account, Mr. Yeats and Mr. Edward Martyn; the Irish novelist of high account, Mr. George Moore; and the Irish essayists of high account, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Russell, and Lionel Johnson. Lionel Johnson's great work in the essay was his "Art of Thomas Hardy," and there is in that but little to suggest that he is an Irishman, but he wrote many papers on Irish matters—it is a pity of pities they are not collected—and these entitle him to a place as an Irish essayist.

How far the work of these writers is the result, direct or indi-

rect, of the various organizations that for the past twenty years or less have been striving to encourage an Anglo-Irish literature it would be a very difficult matter to determine—certainly there is not the space here to discuss the question. Nor could I, had I the knowledge, concern myself here with the question of the literature in Irish created under the encouragement of the Gaelic League since its foundation in 1893. I know no Irish, and cannot speak at first-hand; but I have nowhere seen it claimed by those that know contemporary literature in Irish that the verses of Dr. Hyde or his plays or the plays of Father O'Leary or Father Dideen compare in literary quality with the poetry and plays of the writers in English whom I have named above. Some of the folk songs current to-day are of great beauty even in translation; they are said to be of far greater beauty in the original Gaelic.

What I am concerned with is, What contribution has "The Irish Literary Revival" made to English literature, which to me is English literature if written in English, be the country of its composition any of the British Isles or India or South Africa or America?

We speak very loosely when we say "The Irish Literary Revival," for the movement we are discussing is not a revival at all, but chiefly the reawakening of interest in a subject-matter whose discovery by the English poets in the eighteenth century was one of the chief agents in bringing about what we know as the Romantic movement in Georgian England. Gray and Collins were interested in Celtic subject-matter, if they had not the Celtic spirit, before Macpherson adapted and created his world-awakening versions of old Gaelic legend. Ossianic societies kept alive the discussion of Gaelic legend until the day of Tom Moore, who might have been so much greater a poet had he paid more heed to his country's thought. From Moore's day to Mangan's no poet of power stood for Ireland as Ferguson and Aubrey De Vere and Allingham did from Mangan's day to our day. "The Poets of the Nation," Thomas Davis at their head, were doubtless better known in Ireland than Mangan, who published only one book of verse—and that "*Anthologia Germanica*" (1845)—in his lifetime; but their

models were, as Mr. Yeats has said, "English masters and half-masters," Scott and Byron and Macaulay, and their nationality was in the sentiments they expressed in their verse, not in its quality. Almost contemporaneously with these "Poets of the Nation" came the publication of Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the "Mabinogion," in which she revealed beautiful old Cymric legends far more beautifully than any translator revealed Gaelic stories, though Crofton Croker's "Fairy Tales and Legends" had in it much of Celtic Ireland, far more than the Irish novelist from Miss Edgeworth to Lever.

No consideration of the contemporary movement would be true that failed to realize the influence of James Mangan, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Aubrey De Vere, and William Allingham on Mr. Yeats, Mr. Russell, and their fellow-poets. Mangan is of course the most considerable poet of the four, and though he lived apart from the world, and his verse did not become a power for some years after his death, and though his art is seldom perfect, there are poems of his that hold their own in memory against the poems of the great English poets. Never in his day like Davis, a poet of his people, he gradually made his way to their hearts. I have by me as I write a version of his "Dark Rosaleen," taken down forty years ago in New Jersey from oral dictation of an old Irishman who had the rhythm and thought of its seven long stanzas ever in mind if he did not have them quite by heart. Sir Samuel Ferguson has left us several stirring ballads and descriptive passages in his poems of epic intention that have truly the "large accent" that Matthew Arnold found in Homer. But he was even farther than Mangan from being the sure artist. Allingham needs no praise, since Tennyson and Rossetti have praised him, but it should be recalled that many of those little lyrics of his that sing themselves into the memory at first reading are inspired by Irish folk songs. Aubrey De Vere, by inheritance and temperament a Wordsworthian, often turned his attention to Ireland; but his interest centered rather in his country's Church than in his country's nationality, and, high poems as are certain of his poems, few of them have real national quality.

From these men the leading Irish poets of to-day inherit,



but they have studied the great English poets for the technique of their high craft and sometimes for further inspiration. Mr. Yeats has gone to Blake and to Shelley and to the Pre-Raphaelites as surely as he has gone to Ferguson and Allingham; Mr. Russell has followed masters so differing as William Morris and Emerson, and the sacred books of the East and Irish mythology have wrapt him out of himself; and poor Lionel Johnson knew the work of all the men whose names are the great roll call of the English poets, caring greatly for all, but perhaps most for the seventeenth century rhapsodists and for Wordsworth. Toward the end of his life he was drawing nearer and nearer to Ireland, the home of his ancestry for many years. These younger men began with the high intention of carrying to artistic realization the ideals of a great Irish literature in English that actuated their great predecessors. They had worked independently; the young men would work together. The young men were not faithful from the start to national subjects, but into whatever strange ways they strayed their country eventually called them back to her. In Dublin one of the first organizations to encourage serious artistic intention was a club that professedly met for religious and philosophical discussion. This was the Hermetic Society, in which Mr. Russell was the power, and which has given Ireland another writer, that subtle critic who calls himself "John Eglinton." Mr. Yeats, too, often was of their meetings. In 1883 "The Southwark Irish Literary Club," in London, began an organization that eventually attracted to it Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats was instrumental in developing "The Southwark Literary Club" into "The Irish Literary Society, London." In 1892 Mr. Yeats was active in the formation of the National Literary Society in Dublin, where there had been previously an active "Celtic Literary Society," and in 1899 he, with Mr. George Moore and Mr. Edward Martyn, organized "The Irish Literary Theater." In 1901 "The Irish Literary Theater" was succeeded by "The Irish National Theatrical Company" and out of this developed "The Irish National Theater Society," of which Mr. Yeats is now president. This organization has just (June) acquired its own playhouse in Dublin. It will be seen, then, that if the suc-

cess of the movement has come in any measure through organization Mr. Yeats is surely to be credited with much of such success.

Mr. Yeats has said that it was the fall of Parnell, in 1890, that turned the attention of intellectual Ireland from politics to letters, and made possible the revival that we are now witnessing. That may be, for most of the organizations above referred to were either formed after 1890 or became influential after that date, but the first book of importance in this revival was published over a year earlier, Mr. Yeats's "Wanderings of Oisín" (1888). None of Mr. Russell's verses were published until "Homeward," in 1894, although its verses were circulated in Dublin in manuscript some five years before that. Lady Gregory did not publish anything of real importance to the movement until her "Cuchulain" of 1902. Mr. Edward Martyn's "Heatherfield" was published in 1899, but no book of Mr. Moore's can be called the direct outcome of the movement until his "Untilled Field" of 1903, although he draws from the leaders of the movement for his characters in earlier stories. With the exception of Mr. Yeats and Dr. Hyde the *littérateurs* that the world knows best as members of the movement did not definitely associate themselves with the movement, in the estimation of the public, until after it was well under way. Mr. G. W. Russell, however, was known personally to many of the young men working for the revival almost from its very start, although his dominant interest has been always, as now, not so much in its national as in its spiritual quality.

In 1894 it was suggested that drama would come of the movement by the performance of a play of Mr. Yeats's, "The Land of Heart's Desire," at the Avenue Theater, London. In this same year came also the publication of Mr. Russell's verses in "Homeward" and of Miss Nora Hopper's "Ballads in Prose," and the newspaper discussion that followed these made more familiar the scope and purpose of the movement that had been outlined in the lectures by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Dr. George Sigerson, and Dr. Douglas Hyde before "The Irish Literary Society, London," and "The National Literary Society, Dublin," in 1892 and 1893,

and finally printed after much contemporaneous newspaper comment.

The greatest work of this contemporary movement has been done in poetry. The themes of this poetry are the old Gaelic legends, which are adapted and retold in English, largely after the manner of the Pre-Raphaelite poets; folk songs, on which are built or from which are developed lyrics, also largely in the manner of the Pre-Raphaelites, although the material here preserves a simplicity the Pre-Raphaelites never attained; the moods of modern Irishmen, brought about by their experience of the great passions, by the great wrongs of their country, and by the great beauties of their country; descriptions of Irish scenery—seacoast and mountains and bog land; and politics. It is needless to say that political feeling has led to but little verse that is poetry, perhaps only in some of the verses of "Ethna Carberry" and Miss Alice Milligan. The forms in which the younger Irish poets write are largely those of the English poetry of the time of Tennyson and Browning and—as I said—the Pre-Raphaelites, and the manner and accent of the poems have, I think, more of the Pre-Raphaelite quality than of any other.

The poetry on the whole, however, has very great differences from the poetry of the Pre-Raphaelites in its great spirituality. The revolt against materialism, as distinctive of many of the contemporary Irish writers as of Maeterlinck, is probably due to a cause similar in their case and in his. In those days when Maeterlinck was taking Emerson to heart in Ghent, Mr. G. W. Russell and the men grouped around him were taking Emerson to heart in Dublin. The most mystic of these Irish poets are Mr. Russell and Mr. Charles Weekes. Mr. Yeats's symbolism, so often popularly associated with their mysticism, if due to any master, is due to his study of Blake. But these poets I have mentioned are but a few of the many that are singing "to lighten Ireland's wrong." Alongside of the verse of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell and Lionel Johnson, than which has been written none finer in English by men of their years, is that of Miss Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement K. Shorter), who, among many undistinguished verses, has written lyrics with

deep heart's cry and ballads of grim power; of Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson, whose lyrics of the little things of out of doors have the tender colors of Irish landscape; of "Moirá O'Neill," whose "Songs of the Glens of Antrim," "Kindly Irish of the Irish," if ever poems were, have a singing quality rare in contemporary verse; of "Ethna Carberry" (Mrs. Seumas McManus), whose death two years ago cut off a poetical power that was passing out of promise into achievement, who had indeed reached achievement in one or two nature poems and in her keen for "The Passing of the Gael;" of Mr. Herbert Trench, whose "Deirdre Wed" is a fine rendering of Ireland's greatest story of old time; of Miss Emily Lawless, the charm of whose journeys among the western islands has entered into her poems, many of which express the lament of Jacobite exiles for Galway and Mayo: and of Miss Nora Hopper (Mrs. Chesson), who, although it is said she knows little of Ireland at first-hand, has caught the accents of its winds and waters in many a lyric that cannot be forgotten. Miss Hopper has at times, indeed, a music and passion that carry her to a place among the greater singers. None of these poets that I have mentioned are mere versifiers; the work of some has a rare and delicate beauty, the work of others has the accent of great poetry.

Magical phrase and imaginative power are more constant to the verse of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell and Lionel Johnson than to the verse of these lesser poets. These three are preoccupied by the things of the spirit, yet their senses are keen toward certain things of the earth. Mr. Yeats's verse is, however, more often drenched with dream than dew. The call of much-loved earthly things is strong in "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," but that is an early poem, and even this call finds him in half dream on the London pavements. He is most often possessed with dream. His characteristic poems are conceived in dreams, their colors are the colors of dreams, their music is the music of dreams. Mr. Russell's verses are even less substantial than Mr. Yeats's. It is the spirit yearning for release from the flesh that informs them. His "Homeward: Songs by the Way" are sung on the road through these strange human lands to the

home that is after death, many of them when are granted to him glimpses of this home as he walks in trance or waking dream. The music of his verse is more disembodied, if it is less sweet, than the music of Mr. Yeats. Lionel Johnson's feet were planted more firmly on the earth that he has left. His poems bring back to me the cloisters of mediæval Catholicism; when I think of him I think of Winchester and Oxford in the England of his family's adoption and of the abbeys of Muckross and Sligo in his ancestral land. When I think of Mr. Russell, I think of the asceticism of the Christian hermits of early Ireland in remote places by holy wells and on holy mountains—such visions come to him as came to them. When I think of Mr. Yeats, I think of Druids celebrating their rites at twilight or in moonlight in lonely temples, but always there are near beautiful queens and great kings of Ireland's heroic age.

So much for contemporary poetry in Ireland. In the drama it is again Mr. Yeats that must be mentioned first. His plays are all beautiful in conception and all adapted to successful presentation on the stage, if not to the entire dramatic success. His "*Kathleen-ni-Hoolihan*," which symbolizes Ireland and the heroic sacrifices of her children, and Mr. Martyn's "*Heatherfield*," which tells the story of a young Irish landlord whose dream of making wild mountainside into grass field results in his going mad, vie with each other for the place of honor among the dramatic successes. Mr. Martyn's "*Heatherfield*" has been played very successfully a number of times, his "*Maeve*" with some success a few times, and his "*Tale of a Town*," in Mr. Moore's and Mr. Yeats's adaption of it into "*The Bending of the Bough*," a few times. Other plays that have been successfully performed are Mr. George Moore's and Mr. Yeats's "*Diarmid and Grania*," which was played four times by Mr. Benson's company in Dublin, in "*The Irish Literary Theater*," 1901; Mr. Russell's "*Deirdre*," a beautiful picture of Ireland's old days, which was presented a number of times and very successfully by "*The Irish National Theatrical Company*;" Lady Gregory's "*The Losing Game*," a simple and feeling dramatic transcript from Irish peasant life; Mr. James H. Cousin's "*The Racing Lug*," a story of the fisher



life of the northeastern coast, "The Sword of Dermot," of Ireland's mediæval wars, "A Man's Foes," an episode from modern life, and "Connla," a dream about the son of the famous mythological chieftain Conn of the Hundred Battles; Mr. J. M. Synge's<sup>1</sup> "In a Wicklow Glen," a bitter sketch of the loveless marriages of the Irish peasants, and "Riders to the Sea," a tragic day in the gray life of the Aran fisher folk; Mr. F. Ryan's "The Laying of the Foundations," "The Pillars of Society" of Ireland's dramatic movement; Mr. Patric Mac Cormac Colm's "A Saxon Shillin'" and "Broken Soil," respectively a tract against recruiting and a study of Irish peasant life on the bog lands of Mid-Ireland.

The greatest contemporary English novelist, an Irishman, Mr. George Moore, has not chosen until recently to concern himself deeply with his country, and his fellow Irish novelists and short story writers, charming as many of them are and powerful as are one or two of them, cannot compare with Scotchmen and Englishmen of the same generation. When we think of Irish novelists, we think of "Rosa Mulholland," Miss Emily Lawless, Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Miss Barlow, Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Mr. Seumas McManus, Mr. Shan F. Bullock, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, and Mr. William Buckley. These few Irish novelists have made a definite contribution to English literature, but not so important a contribution, I think, as their predecessors from Carleton to Kickham and not nearly so important a contribution as contemporary Scotch and English novelists.

In Mr. Yeats Ireland has an admirable essayist, and in Mr. Russell and "John Eglinton" and Lionel Johnson literary critics that have at times strayed into the more genial or uplifting regions of familiar essay or philosophical essay. These men, like the few Irish novelists, have made contributions of recognized value to English literature, but their work is slight compared to that of the Englishmen writing at the same time.

The Irishmen fare better when we compare their drama and

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<sup>1</sup>A play of Mr. Synge's will open the new playhouse of "The Irish National Theater Society" in Dublin this fall.

poetry with the English. I have purposely left Americans out of consideration. The two wittiest English dramatists of our day are Irishmen. Neither Oscar Wilde nor Mr. Bernard Shaw has chosen to be a national dramatist as Mr. Yeats and Mr. Martyn have chosen, but Irishmen may well claim that they have written most of the few plays of our day that are at once literature and successful stage pieces. The other successful English contemporary playwrights that may be taken seriously are Mr. Barrie, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Stephen Phillips.

Not one of the contemporary Irish national dramatists has as yet spoken to an audience at all comparable in size with the audiences Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Barrie speak to. But "The Heatherfield" as literature and the plays of Mr. Yeats as literature, and "The Heatherfield" as drama and "Kathleen-ni-Hoolihan" as drama, seem to me to approach as nearly to great drama as any of the plays of the English playwrights I have mentioned. All in all, in prose and in verse, I think, "The Irish Literary Theater," "The Irish National Theater Society," "The Cumann-na-Gaedhal Irish Theater Company"<sup>2</sup> have produced as much drama that is literature as the English stage for the past ten years—and this largely with amateur actors. The plays of Mr. Yeats alone make a list whose naming brings a realization of the possibilities for drama in the changing moods of Irish life: "The Countess Kathleen," "The Land of Heart's Desire," "The Shadowy Waters," "On Baile's Strand," "The Hourglass," "A Pot of Broth," "The King's Threshold," and "Where There Is Nothing."

In other forms of poetry than the dramatic I think Ireland has given English literature during the past fifteen years as high poems as any by the English poets younger than Mr. Meredith and Mr. Swinburne. The more considerable English poets of the younger generation are Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. William Watson, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and

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<sup>2</sup>A company partly made up of this organization presented Irish dramas for a few days during the summer at the St. Louis Exposition.

Mr. Laurence Binyon, who may be grouped as "The Wordsworthians," though Mr. Phillips and Mr. Binyon sometimes stray to other masters than Wordsworth; Mr. Francis Thompson and Mr. Laurence Housman, rhapsodists in the following of Coventry Patmore's later manner; W. E. Henley, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Henry Newbolt, the Poets of Empire; and Mr. Arthur Symons, the "Decadent" Mr. F. Sturge Moore, Mr. A. E. Housman, and Mr. John Davidson, differing too greatly from any of the above groups to be associated with them, and differing as greatly from each other. Mr. Yeats, in a little essay on Lionel Johnson, has written of five of these fourteen English poets I have named in these words: "Contemporary English poets are interested in the glory of the world, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling; or in the order of the world, like Mr. William Watson; or in the passion of the world, like Mr. John Davidson; or in the pleasure of the world, like Mr. Arthur Symons. Mr. Francis Thompson . . . is alone preoccupied with a spiritual life." If it is not misleading to sum up a poet in a phrase, it might be said, continuing Mr. Yeats's fashion of speech, that contemporary Irish poets are interested in the dreaming of the world, like Mr. William Butler Yeats; or in the spirituality of the world, like Mr. George W. Russell, or in the religion of the world, like Lionel Johnson. To all three, the Otherworld has been as near as this world; it is in the keenness of their realization of the Otherworld, and of Ireland, whose purple mountains and brown bogs and gray shores white with foam are the threshold of the Otherworld, and of Ireland's people ever crossing and recrossing this threshold in dream that is as vivid as actuality—it is in the keenness of their realization and in the clarity of their interpretation of beauty that ever hovers on the border of the unseen that they have enriched English literature.

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## THE MASSACHUSETTS OLIGARCHY.

AMONG the older generation of American historians, it has been customary to depict the Massachusetts colony as a place of refuge from oppression, and as the birthplace of American freedom. Because the first settlers fled from the persecution of Archbishop Laud, it has been inferred that they were devotees of liberty. This picture is correct, except in so far as it emphasizes one side of the history of the colony to the utter exclusion of the other side. In its relation with the mother country, Massachusetts did stand for religious freedom and political self-government, but it was very different as regards its internal polity. The government established by the first settlers, far from being a democracy, was in fact an oligarchy which excluded the great mass of the freemen, as well as the Anglicans, from any real share in the management of the colony. The early internal history is a tale of the struggle not only of the Anglicans to obtain a share in the government, but also of the majority of the colonists to limit the power of the ruling class—that is, to change the oligarchy into a democracy. This purpose the colonists sought to accomplish in three ways: they endeavored, first, to increase the power of the general court at the expense of that of the assistants; secondly, to abolish the aristocratic standing council; and thirdly, to obtain a codification of the laws.

By the terms of the Charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company, great power was put into the hands of the freemen, as the commonalty of the association were termed. They were to meet at least four times a year, and more often if necessary. At the Easter meeting they were to elect from among themselves a governor, a deputy governor, and eighteen assistants, and to pass all necessary laws and ordinances, provided only that these were not repugnant to the laws of England.<sup>1</sup> It is

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<sup>1</sup>Hazard, "Historical Collections," I., 239.

not surprising, however, that for a time after the transfer of the Charter, in 1629, from Old to New England, the new settlement should have been managed principally by the magistrates, and that the freemen should have voluntarily surrendered a portion of their powers. The starting of the colony was a difficult task, and one that needed the guidance of skilled and experienced hands. It was not altogether unnatural that the body of the people should have hesitated to assume such a responsibility. Moreover, as Hutchinson says, "So much of their attention was necessary in order to provide for their support that little business was done by the assistants or by the general court." Also, "The removal of the Charter made many new regulations necessary," as, for instance, "that the governor and deputy, for the time being, should be justices of the peace, [and] four of the then assistants . . . justices."<sup>2</sup>

The first general court was held in the autumn, about three months "after their arrival," and was attended "not by a representative, but by every one, that was free of the corporation, in person. . . . The governor and assistants had a great influence over the court."<sup>3</sup> This was shown by the order that in the future "the freemen should have the power of chusing assistants, when these are to be chosen, and the assistants from amongst themselves to chuse a Governor and Deputy Governor, whoe, with the Assistants, shall have the power of making lawes and chusing officers to execute the same."<sup>4</sup> Likewise, at the next general court, held May 18, 1631, "For explanation of an order made the last Generall Court, . . . it was ordered nowe, . . . that once in every year at least, a General Court shall be holden, att which Court it shall be lawfull for the comons to propound any person or persons whome they shall desire to be chosen Assistants, and if it be doubtful whether it shall be the greater part of the comons or not, it shall be put to the poll. The like course to be holden, when they, the

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<sup>2</sup>Hutchinson, "History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay." Second Edition, I., 25.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid.

<sup>4</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 79.



comons, shall see cause for any defect or misbehaviour to remove any one or more of ye Assistants."<sup>5</sup> As Palfrey says, "In the form of a grant of privileges to the freemen, this was clearly a substitution of the invidious and difficult process of removal for the irresponsible freedom of the annual election *de novo* which was contemplated by the Charter. And, accordingly, there is no record of an election of Assistants this year."<sup>6</sup>

However, this "departure from the Charter"<sup>7</sup> was of short duration, as in the following May this part of the power which they had surrendered was returned to the freemen. The fundamental cause of the change was, doubtless, that the firm establishment of the colony made such concentration of authority no longer necessary. But the immediate cause was the independence of the little village of Watertown. In February, 1632, the assistants levied a tax of £60 upon several of the settlements, in order to raise money for the fortification of Newtown. When the commission for the collection of this tax reached Watertown, "the pastor and elders, etc., assembled the people and delivered their opinions, that it was not safe to pay moneys after that sort, for fear of bringing themselves and posterity into bondage." "The ground of their error," Winthrop explains, "was, for that they took their government to be no other but as of a mayor and aldermen, who have not power to make laws or raise taxations without the people;" or as their descendants expressed it, no taxation without representation. As a matter of fact, nevertheless, the men of Watertown were but claiming the rights granted them in their charter and of which they had been deprived, though, indeed, with their consent. However, "divers of Watertown," being summoned before the governor and assistants at Boston, "made a retraction and submission under their hands; . . . understanding that this government was rather in the nature of a parliament."<sup>8</sup>

In spite of their submission, the resistance of the men of Wa-

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<sup>5</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 87.

<sup>6</sup>Palfrey, "History of New England," I., 349.

<sup>7</sup>Hutchinson, I., 26.

<sup>8</sup>Winthrop, "The History of New England," edited by James Savage, I., 70.

tertown had its results in the next general court, held on the fourteenth of May, 1632. This does not mean that the little town was directly responsible for the changes then inaugurated, but that probably its independence stimulated the other towns to resistance. Already on the first of May, the governor informed the assistants "that he had heard that the people intended, at the next general court, to desire that the assistants might be chosen anew every year, and that the governor might be chosen by the whole court, and not by the assistants only." At this, "Mr. Ludlow grew into passion," but the matter "was cleared in the judgment of the rest of the Assistants."<sup>9</sup> Accordingly, in May, "It was generally agreed upon . . . that the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Assistants should be chosen by the whole Court of Governor, Deputy Governor, Assistants, and freemen, and that the Governor shall alwaies be chosen out of the Assistants." The influence of the Watertown affair is seen especially in the order "that there should be two of every plantation appointed to conferre with the court about raising of a publique stock."<sup>10</sup>

Thus far the freemen had regained their rights of election, but all legislative power was still in the hands of the assistants. However, in 1634, "The people began to grow uneasy, and the number of freemen being greatly multiplied, an alteration of the constitution seems to have been agreed upon or fallen into by a general consent of the towns."<sup>11</sup> Accordingly, eight towns sent delegates to the General Court of that spring, "to meet and consider of such matters as they were to take order in at the same General Court."<sup>12</sup> These deputies at once "desired a sight of the patent, and, conceiving thereby that all their laws should be made at the General Court, repaired to the Governor to advise with him about it." At this conference Winthrop admitted that some form of representation would ultimately be necessary, but he considered that that time had not yet come. "Yet this," he thought, "they might do at present:

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<sup>9</sup>Winthrop, I., 74.

<sup>10</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 95.

<sup>11</sup>Hutchinson, I., 35.

<sup>12</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 46; Winthrop, I., 128.

namely, they might at the General Court make an order, that, once in the year, a certain number should be appointed, upon summons from the Governor, to revise all laws, etc., and to reform what they found amiss therein; but not to make any new laws, but prefer their grievances to the Court of Assistants." Winthrop agreed also "that no assessment should be laid upon the country without the consent of such a committee, nor any lands disposed of."<sup>13</sup>

But Winthrop's influence over the colonists was much weakened at this time. Consequently his advice was only partly followed, and more sweeping changes than he had suggested were made. Thus it was agreed, "that none but the Generall Court hath power to make and establish lawes, nor to elect and appoint offices, . . . or to remove such upon misdemeanor, as also to sett out the duties and powers of the said officers, . . . or to rayse moneys and taxes, and . . . to give and confirm properties." These newly regained powers were safeguarded by the order, "that there shall be foure Generall Courts held yearely, to be summoned by the Governor, . . . and not to be dissolved without the consent of the major parte of the Court."<sup>14</sup>

So far the deputies had merely reassumed their Charter rights, but now a decided innovation was made. "It was further ordered, that it shall be lawful for the freemen of every plantation to chuse two or three of each towne before every General Court, to conferre of and prepare such public business as by them shall be thought fitt to consider of att the next General Court, and . . . shall have the full power and voices of all the said freemen . . . the matter of election of magistrates and other officers onely being excepted, wherein every freeman is to give his own voice."<sup>15</sup> This order marks an important point in the government of the colony, as these representatives formed the nucleus of the lower house, or the court of deputies as it was termed. Still the freemen were

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<sup>13</sup>Winthrop, I., 128, 129.

<sup>14</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 117, 118.

<sup>15</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 117.

not yet satisfied, and "to show their resentment"<sup>16</sup> for what they considered the usurpation of the assistants, they imposed a fine of £10 "upon ye Court of Assistants, and Mr. Mayhewe, for breach of an order of Court against imployeing Indeans to shoote with peeces."<sup>17</sup>

However, it must be said for the credit of the colonists that, "This ffine of X£ was remitted by the Court."<sup>18</sup> In this one court therefore the freemen had not only reassumed certain powers and gained other charter rights for the first time, but in establishing the representative system they had even gone beyond the terms of their Charter. Their influence in the government was henceforth assured.

It was but natural that this new system of representation, together with the growth of the colony, should make it necessary to give more power into the hands of the deputies. Thus in March, 1635, the "deputyes of severall townes" when "met togeather,"<sup>19</sup> could decide cases of contested elections. Likewise in March, 1639, voting by proxy was permitted in elections.<sup>20</sup> This method, however, proved unsatisfactory, and accordingly, in June, 1641, the court decreed, "that in every towne which is to send a deputy to the court, . . . the freemen . . . for every ten freemen [are] to choose one, to be sent to the court, with power to make election for all the rest."<sup>21</sup> Another consequence of the establishment of the representative system was naturally a struggle between these immediate representatives of the people, and their less direct substitutes, the assistants. The result of this conflict was most fortunate, as it led to the separation of the court into two houses, the court of the assistants and the court of the deputies. Hitherto the governor, deputy governor, assistant, and deputies had all sat as one body.

The struggle began over the question of the "negative vote,"

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<sup>16</sup>Hutchinson, I., 36.

<sup>17</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 118.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid. In the margin.

<sup>19</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 142.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., I., 188.

<sup>21</sup>Ibid., 333-4.

as the veto power of the assistants was termed. The controversy first arose in 1635, when Mr. Hooker applied to the court for permission to settle on the Connecticut River. "Of 21 members of the lower house, 15 were for their removal; but of the magistrates, the governor and two assistants only were for it, . . . but still as the lower house was so much more numerous than the upper, the major part of the court was for it. This decision was the occasion of first starting about the negative veto. The deputies or representatives insisted the voice of the major part of the assistants was not necessary. The assistants refused to give up their rights; and the business came to a standstill." A day of humiliation was therefore appointed, on which Mr. Cotton preached to the court with such effectiveness, that, "he prevailed upon the deputies to give up the point at that time." "Here was a crisis," Hutchinson continues, "when the patricians, if I may so stile them, were in danger of losing a great parte of their weight in the government."<sup>22</sup> But the abolition of the negative vote would have affected not only the influence of the magistracy, but would have deprived the colony as a whole of a most important check on hasty legislation. This victory of the magistrates was given formal recognition by the court of the following March, when it ordered "that noe lawe, order, or sentence shall passe as an act of the Court without the consent of the greater parte of the magistrates on the one parte, and the greater number of the deputyes on the other parte."<sup>23</sup>

However, as Hutchinson says, the deputies gave up this point only "at that time." In 1643, the question was once more revived by a very homely cause, but with most important results. The humble origin of this dispute was a pig claimed by both a certain Captain Keayne and a Mrs. Sherman. Keayne had not only won his case in two courts, but also gained £40 damages in a counter suit for slander. From these decisions Mrs. Sherman appealed to the general court, with the result that two magistrates and fifteen deputies passed favorably on her case, while a majority of the former and a minority of

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<sup>22</sup>Hutchinson, I., 44, 45.    <sup>23</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 170.



the latter voted against her. Though a compromise was soon reached regarding the case itself, "the sow business had started another question, about the magistrates' negative voice in the general court. The deputies generally were very anxious to have it taken away; whereupon one of the magistrates wrote a small treatise, wherein he laid down . . . how it was fundamental to our government, which, if it were taken away, would be a mere democracy. But almost immediately it was answered by another pamphlet, written likewise, according to rumor, by a magistrate. This "the deputies made great use of in their court, supposing they had now enough to carry the cause clearly with them, so as they pressed earnestly to have it presently determined."<sup>24</sup>

The magistrates wisely answered that it was a matter of too "great concernment to be hastily decided" or "without the advice of the elders." "It was the magistrates' only care to save time, that so the people's heat might be abated, for then they knew they would hear reason."<sup>25</sup> Fortunately, the influence of the elders was given to the side of the magistrates, and a treatise was written by one of their number against the abolition of the negative vote, and the establishment of a pure democracy. Nor was the confidence of the rulers in the fundamental good judgment of the people misplaced, as at the next general court one of their most wise and important acts was passed. This was as follows: "Forasmuch as, after long experience, wee find divers inconveniences in the manner of our proceeding in Courts by magistrates and deputies siting together, and accounting it wisdom to follow the laudable practice of other states who have layd groundworks for government, . . .

"It is therefore ordered, first, that the magistrates may sit and act business by themselves, by drawing up bills and orders which they shall see good in their wisdom, which haveing agreed upon, they may present them to the deputies to bee considered of, . . . and accordingly to give their assent or dissent, the deputies in like manner siting apart by themselves, and consulting about . . . orders and laws, . . . which

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<sup>24</sup>Winthrop, II., 118, 119. <sup>25</sup>Ibid.

agreed upon by them, they may present to the magistrates, who, according to their wisdom, . . . may consent them or disallow them; and when any orders have passed the approbation of both magistrates and deputies, then such orders to be ingrossed, and in the last day of the Court to be read deliberately, and full assent to be given."<sup>26</sup>

The question of the negative vote was thus settled in a way that preserved the independence of both the magistrates and the deputies, while retaining at the same time that most necessary preventive of hasty legislation and of the tyranny of the majority. This prerogative of the magistrates seems, however, for some time to have been a sore point with the deputies. Accordingly, in the following year, a more remarkable compact was made between the two houses, by which the magistrates agreed to abandon this most important privilege. The reasons for it were that, "The Court, finding that the over number of deputies drew out the courts into great length, and put the country to excessive charges . . . did think fit . . . to have only 5 or 6 out of every shire; and because the deputies were still unsatisfied with the magistrates' negative vote, the magistrates agreed to lay it down, so as the deputies might not exceed them in number, and those to be the prime men of the country, to be chosen by the whole shires." Apparently therefore, even the magistrates did not realize the full value of the veto as a curb upon rash legislation, or that it was something more than a protection to the minority. Fortunately, "they agreed first to know the mind of the country. But upon trial, the greater number of towns refused it."<sup>27</sup>

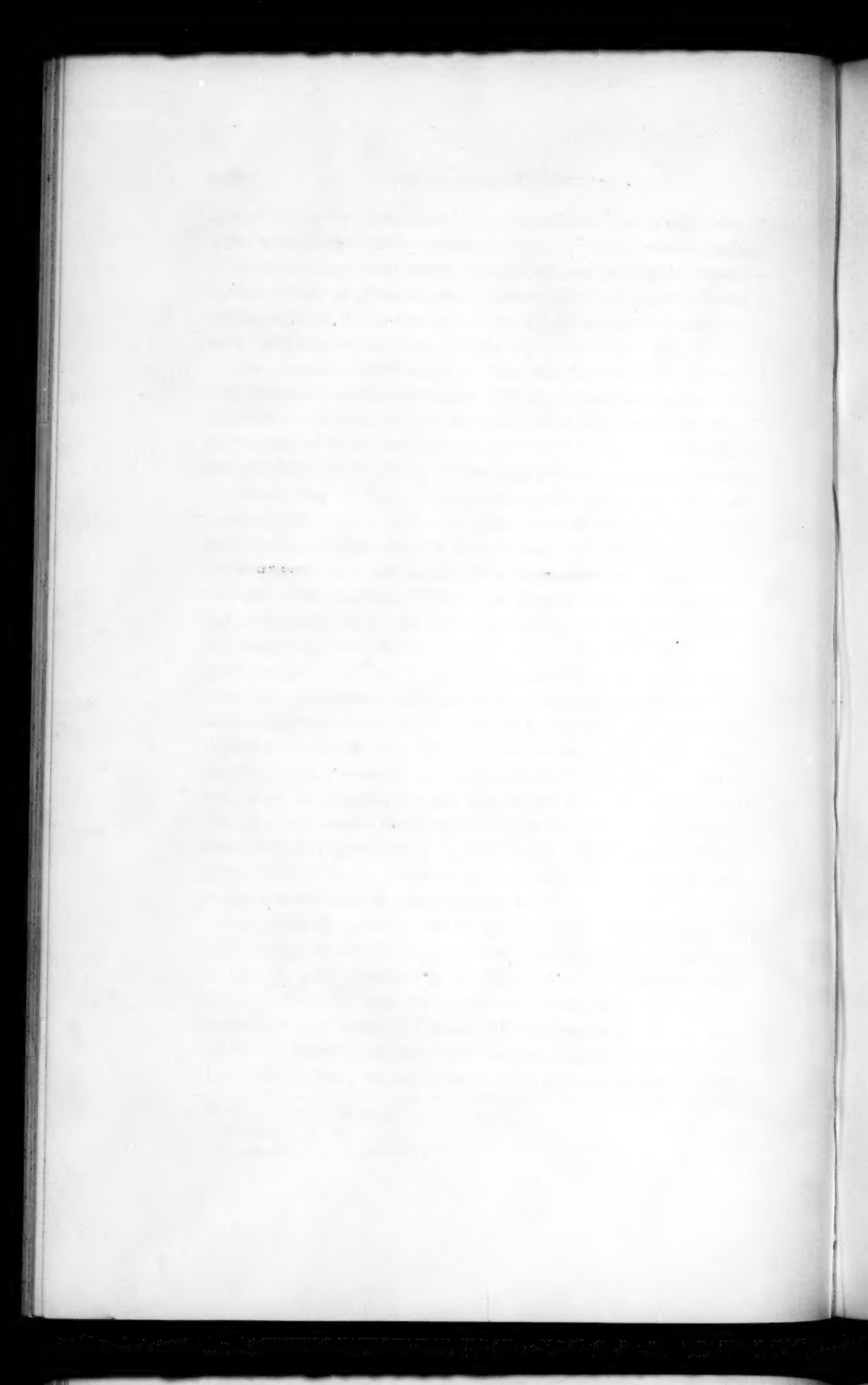
Unqualified approval can be given to the magistrates in their struggle to retain the veto power, but this may not entirely be done in their attempts to establish an aristocratic standing council. Nor did they meet with the same complete success. According to a letter of Cotton to Lord Say and Sele, it was due to the latter's influence that such a council was created.<sup>28</sup> However that may be, the general court enacted on the third of

<sup>26</sup>*Massachusetts Records*, II., 58, 59.

<sup>27</sup>Winthrop, II., 214.

<sup>28</sup>Hutchinson, I., Appendix III.





March, 1636, "that the Generall Court, to be holden in May nexte, for elecon of magistrates, and soe from tyme to tyme, as occacon shall require, shall elect a certaine number of magistrates for tearme of their lyves, as a standing counsaile, not to be removed but upon conviccon of crime, insufficiency, or for some other waightie cause."<sup>29</sup> Accordingly, on the twenty-fifth of May, John Winthrop and Thomas Dudley were chosen to this place, and Henry Vane, "by his place of governour, was president of this council for his year."<sup>30</sup> Its duties were dual; first, the management of the trade with the Indians, and secondly, the conducting of "military affaires."<sup>31</sup> In the following May, "John Endecott, Esq., was chosen to bee one of the standing counsell for the tearme of his life."<sup>32</sup> As no others were ever added to this number, it will readily be seen that this board never played a very important part in colonial history.

Indeed, in its original form this body lasted only three years, as in 1639 it became merely a committee of the magistrates. In May of that year, according to Winthrop, "There fell out at this court another occasion of increasing the people's jealousy of their magistrates—viz., one of the elders . . . declared his judgment that a governor ought to be for his life." This proposition was received "by the people, not as a matter of dispute, but as if there had been some plot to put it in practice." The result of this agitation was a resolution of the court, "That whereas our sovereign lord, King Charles, etc., had by his patent established a governour, deputy, and assistants, that therefore no person chosen a counsellor for life, shall have any authority as a magistrate, except he were chosen in the annual elections to one of the said places of magistracy established by the patent." Undoubtedly there was legal justification for this action on the part of the deputies, whatever spirit may have prompted it. Apparently the magistrates realized it, as the demand was completely, though evasively, granted. "The intent of the order," they replied, "was, that the standing council

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<sup>29</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 167.

<sup>30</sup>Winthrop, I., 184-5.

<sup>31</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 179, 183.

<sup>32</sup>Ibid., I., 195.



should always be chosen out of the magistrates, etc.; and therefore it is now ordered, that no such counsellor shall have any power as a magistrate, etc., except he be annually chosen, etc., according to the patent." However, Winthrop admits that this was not true, as was indeed clearly proved by the presence in the council of Endicott, who was not a magistrate. "This order," Winthrop acknowledges, "was drawn up in this form that it might be of less injury to make this alteration rather by way of explanation of the fundamental order, than without any cause shown to repeal that which had been established by the serious advice of the elders, and had been in practice two or three years without any inconvenience."<sup>33</sup>

Even in this modified form, the standing council was not free from attack. In 1642, Mr. Saltonstall, one of the assistants, wrote a treatise against it as "a sinful innovation." Accordingly, the governor in the May court of that year "moved to have the contents examined," but the deputies would take no action "unless the author should first be acquitted of any censure." This was finally agreed to, and the matter was, as usual, referred to "the elders." Their decision, given in October, was in the nature of a compromise. They declared their belief in the standing council, but considered Mr. Saltonstall free of any evil intent in attacking it. Moreover, "this council, as counsellors, have no power of judicature," but, on the other hand, "In case of instant danger to the commonwealth, before a general court can be called, (which were meete to be done with all speed) what shall be consented unto by this council, . . . together with the consent of the magistrates, . . . may stand good and firm till the general court."<sup>34</sup> Meanwhile, in June, the general court had voted "to vindicate the office of the standing council . . . from all dishoner and reproach cast upon it . . . in Mr. Saltonstall's booke."<sup>35</sup>

Notwithstanding their defense of the council, the deputies were not satisfied. Only two years later it was again necessary to send for the elders, "to reconcile the differences between the

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<sup>33</sup>Winthrop, I, 301-303.

<sup>34</sup>Winthrop, II., 64, 65, 89, 90.

<sup>35</sup>"Massachusetts Records," II., 21.

magistrates and deputies."<sup>36</sup> The controversy arose over "a commission which the deputies sent up, whereby power was given to seven of the magistrates and three of the deputies, and Mr. Ward (sometime pastor of Ipswich . . .) to order all affaires of the commonwealth in the vacancy of the general court." In fact, the deputies were now, in their turn, exceeding their charter rights in attempting to create a standing council. The magistrates were therefore justified in making the following objections: "1. That this court should create general officers which the freemen had reserved to the court of elections. 2. That they should put out four of the magistrates from that power and trust which the freemen had committed to them." The answer of the deputies was that "the governor and assistants had no power out of court but what was given them by the general court."<sup>37</sup> Accordingly, "the first question put to these [the elders] was . . . whether the magistrates are, by patent and election of the people, the standing council of this commonwealth in the vacancy of the general court . . . and when any necessary occasions call for action from authority, in cases where there is no particular express law provided, there to be guided by the word of God, till the general court give particular rules in such cases." To this query the elders replied affirmatively "on the magistrates' behalf." But as concessions were made to the freemen on other points, "most of the deputies were now well satisfied concerning the power of the magistrates."<sup>38</sup> At least the question of the standing council was dropped, and no further attempts were made by the legislature to encroach unduly upon the executive in this direction.

In the conference with the elders in 1644, one of the most mooted questions was the extent of the judicial authority of the magistrates. This power had always been regarded with suspicion by the people, and it was probably owing to their jealous fears that the agitation for the codification of the laws was begun. It was the old story of the struggle between patrician and plebian, although the motives of the Massachusetts

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<sup>36</sup>Winthrop, II., 204-5. <sup>37</sup>Winthrop, II., 167-8. <sup>38</sup>Ibid., 204-209.

magistrate in resisting this demand were undoubtedly higher than those actuating his Roman prototype. The people desired some more binding and less elastic rules than "the word of God," and "thought their condition very unsafe, while so much power rested in the discretion of the magistrates." But "most of the magistrates and some of the elders" were not "very forward in this matter" because of two very sensible reasons. "One was, want of sufficient experience of the nature and disposition of the people, considered with the condition of the country and other circumstances, which made them conceive that such lawes would be fittest for us which should arise upon occasion . . . 2. For that it would professedly transgress the limits of our charter, which provide we shall make no laws repugnant to the laws of England, and that we were assured we must do. But to raise up laws by practice and custom had been no transgression."<sup>39</sup>

As early as March, 1635, the agitation was begun and carried on without success until 1641, when the Body of Liberties was finally drafted. In this contest the weapon of the magistrates was, as Palfrey puts it, "a good-natured procrastination."<sup>40</sup> This method of warfare is seen in the utter disregard of the magistrates for the requests of the deputies, and in the appointment of committees in which "whatsoever was done by some, was still disliked or neglected by others."<sup>41</sup> For example, in both the March and May courts of the year 1635, a committee of magistrates was chosen "to make a draft of such laws as they should judge needful for the well ordering of this plantation, and to present the same to the court."<sup>42</sup> Apparently nothing was even attempted by these commissions, yet, undaunted, the court in the following May appointed another, decreeing that meanwhile the "magistrates and their associates shall . . . determine all causes according to the lawes now established, and where there is noe law, then as neere the lawe

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<sup>39</sup>Winthrop, I., 322-3.

<sup>40</sup>Palfrey, "History of New England," II., 22.

<sup>41</sup>Winthrop, I., 322.

<sup>42</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 137, 147.

of God as they can."<sup>43</sup> But only one of this committee of eight ever served. This one was Mr. Cotton, who at the next general court "did present a copy of Moses his judicials, compiled in an exact method, which were taken into further consideration till the next General Court."<sup>44</sup> The draft, however, was never accepted, and for three years the matter was dropped.

In 1638 the struggle was renewed with new tactics, for in March the general court ordered "that the freemen of every towne . . . within this jurisdiction shall assemble together in their severall townes, and collect the heads of such necessary and fundamental lawes as may bee sutable to the times and places, . . . and the heads of such lawes to deliver in writing to the Governor before the 5th day of the 4th month, called June, next, to the intent that the Governor, together with the rest of the standing counsell," and others especially appointed, "may . . . make a compendious abrigement of the same by the Generall Court in autumnne next, addying . . . or detracting therefrom, . . . that so the whole worke being perfected, . . . it may be presented to the General Court for confirmation or rejection."<sup>45</sup> After a patient wait of fifteen months, the general court ordered, in June, 1639, "that the Marshall shall give notice to the Committee about the body of laws, to send unto the next General Court such drafts of laws as they had prepared, for the court to take order about them what to settle."<sup>46</sup> Only two drafts, however, were presented, and these had been drawn up by Mr. Cotton and Mr. Ward. Although the magistrates were "not very forward in this matter," "at length to satisfy the people, . . . the two modes were digested, with divers alterations . . . and sent to every town, to be considered of first by the magistrates and elders, and then to be published by the constable to all the people, so if any man should think fit, that anything therein ought to be altered, he might acquaint some of the deputies therewith against the next court." "But still it came to no effect."<sup>47</sup>

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<sup>43</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 175-6.

<sup>44</sup>Winthrop, I., 202.

<sup>45</sup>"Massachusetts Records," I., 222.

<sup>46</sup>Ibid., I., 262.

<sup>47</sup>Winthrop, I., 322-3.

In 1641 the contest was again renewed, but with a very different result. In fact, it was no longer a contest, as the magistrates heartily coöperated with the deputies in the work, for apparently they realized that their two great objections to the codification of the laws were now not applicable. Beginning with June, the matter was pushed forward rapidly, until in December the general court "established the hundred laws which were called The Body of Liberties. They . . . had been revised and altered by the court, and sent forth into every town to be further considered of, and now again in this court they were revised, amended and presented."<sup>48</sup>

In spite of its long duration, this struggle for the codification of the laws aroused almost no ill feeling toward the magistrates. Although this is not so true of the disputes over the negative vote and the standing council, it is a striking fact that a remarkable confidence was shown by the deputies in the very men they were attacking, by the constant reëlection of the same persons to office. Indeed, the freemen were very instrumental in establishing the oligarchy. Thus in the fourteen years with which this article deals—that is, from 1630 to 1644—Winthrop was governor at different times nine years, and Dudley deputy governor seven years. The same assistants were also chosen again and again. To be sure, the three years of Winthrop's uninterrupted rule from 1630 to 1633 resulted in a marked decline in his popularity, and in a suspicious dread of his power. The crisis was probably brought about by the election sermon of Cotton, in which he declared that "a magistrate ought not to be turned into the condition of a private man without just cause, and to be publicly convict."<sup>49</sup> The answer of the general court of 1634 was the election of Dudley in place of their old leader, and their refusal to reëlect any governor until 1637, when Winthrop was once more chosen. It must be remembered that for these three years Winthrop had been almost an absolute ruler, and that this court of 1634 reclaimed the lost privileges of the freemen. Thus, it was not surprising that the people should regard with suspicion even their great bene-

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<sup>48</sup>Winthrop, II., 55. <sup>49</sup>Ibid., I., 132.



factor. However, as the power of the freemen became more assured, Winthrop regained his popularity. The old confidence was so restored that, instead of being less frequent, long terms of rule by one man became more so. A striking example of this is seen in the election of 1643, when in the annual sermon a certain Ezekiel Rogers, of Rowley, "dissuaded them earnestly from choosing the same man twice together." Yet, "when it came to trial, the former governor, Mr. Winthrop, was chosen again."<sup>50</sup>

The Massachusetts people therefore appreciated their great men and realized the importance of having strong and experienced leaders, even though at times they sought because of their jealous fears to check unduly the power of the executive. Winthrop, however, said truly that "here it may be observed, how strictly the people would seem to stick to their patent, where they think it makes for their advantage, but are content to decline it, where it will not warrant such liberties as they have taken up without warrant from thence, as appears in their strife for . . . deputies."<sup>51</sup> But while a strongly centralized government was undoubtedly necessary during the first years of the struggling settlement, on the other hand the vigilance and independence of the freemen served its purpose. It prevented, in the first place, the permanent establishment of an oligarchical government, and, in the second place, the excessive growth of the executive at the expense of the legislature. Such a contest was bound to occur in a new commonwealth before the several parts of the administration could be adjusted to one another, and before the people and their magistrates could learn that true freedom was secured through an equitable division of power between the two branches of government.

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<sup>50</sup>Winthrop, II., 99. <sup>51</sup>Ibid., I., 303.

## JOHN WILSON AS AN ESSAYIST.

On taking up a book for the first time, the desire naturally arises on the part of the reader to know something of the person who wrote it. So strong is this feeling in some persons that they declare themselves unable to enjoy a book until they have been, as it were, introduced to its author. This is no mere fancy, but a natural prompting, and it is true for a good psychological reason. Every book of merit possesses something of the personality of its author; and the deeper its source, the greater the worth of the book. The best thing in literature is life, and books are valuable chiefly in proportion as they help us to get back to life. A powerful, original, and engaging personality, therefore, if it has the faculty of expression at all, is sure to make a deep impress by its utterances. These qualities John Wilson, contributor to *Blackwood's* for many years, possessed, and they are the source of his greatness as an author.

Wilson's broad range of sympathies brought him into close relations with many interests. He had the power of projecting his individuality into everything he did. Always impressionable and responsive, he possessed the faculty also of distinguishing the true from the false in any subject. This ability, coupled with his remarkable ease and fluency of expression, at once qualified him eminently for success in the broad field of literature. The twelve large volumes that contain most of his collected works show how prolific a pen was his; yet at no time in his career can he be described as distinctively a man of letters.

Beginning life as a country gentleman, Wilson found, amidst the gayeties and pleasures with which he had surrounded himself, recreation in the cultivation of poetry. The publication of "The Isle of Palms," the year after his departure from Oxford, brought him into a sort of rivalry with Scott, who admired the poem greatly. Poetry was with him,

however, never more than a pastime. Financial reverses in 1815, making him in a measure dependent on his own exertions, drove him to the bar. But the law proved uncongenial, and was soon abandoned for more agreeable work.

Ever since his schoolboy days Wilson had been a great reader and an amateur in literature, having won at Oxford the Newdigate prize in poetry. When Blackwood quarreled with his editors, Cleghorn and Pringle, in the summer of 1817, and organized a new staff of contributors to his magazine, Wilson became a member of this new board. His strong hand, felt for the first time in the memorable October number of *Blackwood's* for 1817, never forgot its cunning, and for a third of a century continued to pour forth a torrent of articles, critical, imaginative, descriptive, in almost bewildering profusion.

Seldom has such a storm been raised by a periodical publication as was caused by the famous Number Seven of *Blackwood's* above referred to. The magazine now stood as an avowed supporter of Tory principles, and, therefore, as the enemy of the *Edinburgh Review*. Bitter were the vials of wrath and invective that it poured out upon the heads of offending Whigs.

Among the scurrilous articles in the first number under the new organization was the notorious "Chaldee Manuscript," originally written by the Ettrick Shepherd, Hogg, greatly enlarged by Wilson, and filled with pepper by Lockhart. This article was omitted from a second edition, but the policy set by this first issue was adhered to through the succeeding years. Each number contained one or more articles of the flagrant sort, always penetrating and with a large element of truth, but, on the whole, unjust and abusive, and generally discreditable to the writer. Books to be reviewed and articles to appear were announced months ahead, and many an unoffending Whig was kept in a fever of excitement, fearing his day of chastisement might be near at hand.

In such a lionlike manner Wilson burst upon the literary world of his day. With such facility did articles of various

kinds flow from his pen, and so completely did he dominate the spirit and policy of the magazine, that he was for a long time thought to be its editor. It is now positively known, however, that he never performed editorial functions, some of his own articles having been altered or rejected at the discretion of William Blackwood, who was the editor as well as the proprietor of the magazine. It may be noticed in passing, as a thing unique in the history of periodical publications, that, during the eighty-seven years of the *Blackwood's* existence, the magazine has been edited and owned by the Blackwood family, father and son, through four generations; and the policy fixed by Wilson and his coworkers has been, in large measure, continued to the present day.

The election of Wilson to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in 1820, did not seriously interfere with his contributions to *Blackwood's*. In 1822 he began a series of articles entitled "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which is, in some respects, a faithful reproduction of the wit and wisdom that enlivened the long winter evenings at Ambrose's tavern in Edinburgh; rarefied and idealized and vastly improved, however, in the crucible of Wilson's exuberant spirits and inexhaustible wit.

These articles became immensely popular and developed another kind of interest in the magazine. If the stinging reviews had been too strong diet for certain weak stomachs, here was something eminently palatable and savory to everybody. There are few things in the history of periodical literature to compare with them. Probably the appearance in this country, of Lowell's "Biglow Papers" in the *Boston Courier*, during our war with Mexico, produced a somewhat similar sensation. While a delighted public greeted with eager enthusiasm the Yankee wit and shrewdness of the successive installments of "Biglow" as they appeared, they were no less amused and impressed by the grim earnestness of the writer, and the sound principles of philosophy that he enunciated. The sense of this statement may also stand for Wilson's "Noctes," if we omit the "grim earnestness." The

"Noctes" ran in the magazine for thirteen years without waning in popularity, certainly a remarkable fact in the history of periodical literature; and when the series came to a close, an important means of entertainment was removed from thousands of British homes.

If the "Noctes" seems too boisterous for present-day taste, it is because our day demands something different from that which pleased our grandfathers three-quarters of a century ago. While Wilson was probably not overrefined in nature, any want of delicacy should not be attributed to natural grossness so much as to exuberance of spirits and an enormous faculty for enjoying. Unusual power is apt to manifest itself irregularly. Articles that for more than a dozen years kept a reading public aglow with expectancy and threw them into convulsions of laughter, brought sunshine and enjoyment to thousands of homes, and lightened the burden of many a weary heart, must be accounted to have contributed something to the world's happiness, and deserve, at our hands, the recognition of merit.

While the "Noctes" was running, Wilson's busy pen was producing a wilderness of other articles on widely different subjects. His prodigal faculties seemed to turn without apparent effort from mere entertainment to the discussion of themes philosophical, speculative, political, descriptive, critical. In one year he contributed to the twelve issues of the magazine fifty-four separate articles, and it is claimed that the best in each issue was from his pen. Yet all of this was but the product of idle moments, as it were, fragments of time snatched from the official duties of his professorship, which he performed for more than thirty years with distinction. His capacity for work, and the ease with which he performed it, are almost without parallel. It is doubtful whether even Macaulay surpassed him in the ready use of his vast store of information; and among all the great men of his time, it would be difficult to find another who performed so great an amount of work with so little real effort.

The greater part of these remarkable compositions must



now be passed by without further notice, while we examine a little more in detail Wilson as a critic. It is in this field that he achieved his work of greatest permanent value. While he is always interesting, fresh, and original, it is his critical work chiefly that ranks him with the greater essayists of the nineteenth century, and gives him a permanent place in literature.

In several ways Wilson was eminently endowed with critical powers. His remarkably sympathetic nature brought him into such a spiritual rapport with an author and his work as few men could have experienced. In a less independent character than Wilson's, this quality would have produced a mere eulogist, wholly unfitted as a critic. By his power of insight he was intellectually quick to distinguish between what was profound and what was mere fog in the mind of the writer. His hatred of all kinds of sham and insincerity made him apt to detect any false sentiment and tricks of thought or expression, which were sure to bring down with emphasis the cudgel of his condemnation.

It must be admitted that at times the very wealth of his faculties led him into extravagances and inconsistencies, for which it is not easy to excuse him. Yet it should be remembered that those were intense times, and wars of words were common. Although his harsh critical strictures frequently raised a storm of anger against him, he did not find pleasure in "whipping" simply for its own sake. All sorts of cant and artificiality he heartily despised, and his one aim as a critic was to cultivate a taste for that which is true, direct, and manly in literature, as in life. It may be possible that he was sometimes over-harsh in his methods of lashing or shaming a young author out of a false position; but if the chastisement was severe, it was so because of his sincere desire to turn youthful genius into right paths.

The case of Tennyson may be cited as a concrete example of Wilson's method, and of his influence as a critic. Tennyson's first volume of poems that attracted notice was that of 1830. This was reviewed by Wilson in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, 1832. It was a thin volume containing no long

poems, but many short ones, experiments, it would seem, in a variety of keys and measures. For the purpose of review, Wilson divided the poems into two classes, the good and the bad. Taking up the latter class first, he quoted many of them, entire or in part, and pointed out in clear and convincing terms wherein they were bad, indifferent, or hopelessly bad. He did not spare the author in exposing his false sentiment, his affected style, and whatever other notes of insincerity he discovered; and he strongly impressed upon him the necessity of cultivating his powers along right lines. In all his censure, the critic assumed a paternal attitude toward the poet, spoke to him in terms of authority, and admonished him with the loving interest of a father.

In commendation of Tennyson's merits, Wilson was fully as enthusiastic as he had been severe in the censure of his faults. He perceived, in the better verses, the promise of a great poet. Sincerity, individuality, and simplicity, he pointed out as the impulses for the young poet to follow. And he was not slack in predicting the poet's future greatness, if he would but develop his powers in a natural way. It says much for the critical ability of Wilson that he discerned in Tennyson, at this early date, the future laureate, and foretold the time when, with proper development, millions would join him in proclaiming that "Alfred Tennyson is a poet."

Tennyson was not a little nettled by this review of his poems; but, although he felt keenly the smart of the critic's lash, he had the good sense to profit by his sound advice. A comparison of the poems with Wilson's article to-day shows that, with scarcely an exception, the poems condemned were either improved or omitted from the later editions. This fact is equally commendatory of the critical powers of the reviewer and of the poetical sense of the poet. With riper development, the maturer judgment of the poet confirmed that of the critic.

I have given in some detail the history of this one article, for I can in no better way set forth Wilson's methods as a critic and the influence of his work. This instance may be taken as an example of his critical work in general, without going far wrong.

A service not very different from that done for Tennyson, Wilson performed also for our American poet, Bryant. There was this difference, however: Bryant had never affected the fantastic, nor formed artificial habits in poetry, and consequently did not have these things to unlearn. Wilson demolished certain erroneous ideas, however, that had been entertained as to the nature and value of Bryant's poetry. Up to the time of Wilson's review, it was generally held that the American poet's treatment of nature was in every way original, and, since the poems were short, therefore condensed. Wilson showed that in both of these respects the judgment was wrong.

Bryant's poetry is, in fact, never greatly condensed, as Wilson pointed out. His nature poems are sketches rather than studies. He does not, as a rule, enter profoundly into a subject, but gives the passing, often the spectacular, and always the manifest aspects of it. As to originality, Wilson showed also that Bryant is essentially original but not historically so. Wordsworth had anticipated him by nearly a score of years. Consequently he did not, as Wordsworth had done, contribute a new view point to poetry in the English tongue.

Wilson bestowed upon Bryant the richest praise for his sincerity and the simplicity of his manner. He showed that the introduction of the American background into poetry is Bryant's peculiar work. The poet's independence in seeing nature with his own eyes and portraying it as he saw it deserves high praise, and Wilson was not loath to bestow it. So clearly did he define Bryant's position as poet, both historically and essentially, that many mooted questions as to his work were cleared up once for all.

It must not be inferred, from what has been said, that Wilson's critical judgments were never mistaken. Neither should it be assumed that as an essayist he was without faults. Indeed, with all his merits, he had one or two faults of a flagrant sort. His too great severity has already been referred to. While his stinging criticisms generally were just and helpful, it is also unfortunately true that there are instances when his

assaults were coarse beyond extenuation, and from which beneficial results were not to be expected.

As an artist in literature, the worst thing that can be said about Wilson is, that his work lacks literary form. His paragraphing is sometimes far from good, and his sentences frequently leave the impression of carelessness and haste. These faults are not to be wondered at, however, when we consider the rapidity with which nearly all of his work was produced. But when all has been said for and against his work, the fact remains that Professor Wilson was one of the most remarkable men of his time. Had he written nothing but "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," he would be ranked among the wits of the nineteenth century. Had he applied himself to poetry, he might have become a formidable rival of Scott in his own territory. If he had confined himself to practical politics, he could have become, if his published essays may serve as a basis of judgment, an authority on jurisprudence and political relations. In the world of imagination, he suggests De Quincey in the fantasies and vagaries of the dream world of unreality. Had he produced nothing except those discriminating and stimulating criticisms, he would unquestionably be one of the noteworthy and, to us, one of the best beloved of English critics. Should it so have happened that he had not written at all, Professor Wilson would still be remembered as a popular and inspiring lecturer who filled a chair in the University of Edinburgh. And I may yet add that, had he neither written nor lectured on philosophy, the world would not yet have forgotten him as one of the great conversationalists and engaging personalities which the first half of the nineteenth century produced. A man that could perform so many things and do them all well is not to be quarreled with because he did not do everything in a faultless manner.

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## RECENT NOVELS OF NOTE.

FROM the enormous mass of novels which have flooded the book market in the last six months, three stand out conspicuously and distinctly. The reason for their conspicuousness is not the fact of their large and rapid sales, although each one of these books measures its sales by tens of thousands. Nor do they merit and receive discussion merely because of their wide circulation, or *vice versâ*. The present vogue of these three novels is due, in the case of two of them, to their pronounced artistic value, and in that of the other wholly to its political significance.

Mr. Henry Harland's "My Friend Prospero" first appeared as a serial in *McClure's Magazine*, and was published in book form in January of the present year. Lieut. Bilse's "Aus einer Kleinen Garnison" appeared in English dress as "A Little Garrison" also during the past January. This little book has had an immense and far-reaching sale. Since its initial production it has circulated not only throughout the German Empire, but in Austria, Italy, France, Russia, and America. Everywhere it has excited every variety of comment. Miss Glasgow's "The Deliverance" is the most distinguished piece of work of any American novelist of the present year, and has been far more widely reviewed than the usual popular novel of the hour.

### I.

"My Friend Prospero" is the third link in the chain, of which the first two were "The Cardinal's Snuffbox" and "The Lady Paramount." The three have the same plot, the same situations, and almost the same characters. Certain minor changes are made here and there to enhance the suggestion of novelty. The impecunious young Englishman of the *haute noblesse*, the beautiful stranger who proves eventually to be a princess, the *dea ex machina* who showers gold and blessings upon the distracted lovers, and the charming character who



brings and welds together the love of the twain, when parting seems imminent—all these once more play their easy rôles. And it is the same Italian sun that shines once more, the identical Italian air which the author has breathed for years. Mr. Harland knows that he has realized Italy, for he said not long ago: "I know my Italy well. I know it better than the Italians themselves do." He always succeeds in catching, with his delicate, poetic art of modern impressionism, the secrets of its atmosphere, the *nuances* of its local color, the subtle, irresistible appeals of its rich and radiant life. He has caught the happy knack of blending love, romance, and the sense of humor with spring, sunshine, and blue skies. The air is vocal with the music of nightingales, the atmosphere is redolent of ravishing perfumes, nature is lavish with every good gift.

It is perhaps not insignificant that Mr. Harland was born in the month of March, for he has succeeded in transferring some of its early spring madness to his characters. They are so *insouciant*, so heedless of the past, the present, or the future, and so ready at the momentary notice of some fleeting glance of a total stranger to regard the world well lost for love. Mr. Harland once said: "I write novels because it's more sport than fox-hunting. I never could shoot a bird, but fox-hunting is great sport. Novel-writing, however, is even finer. Besides, you yourself always are 'in at the death' and, if you are lucky, get the 'brush.'" Is it any wonder then that the characters of his novels think existence "great sport?" To them life is all fun, frivolity, and play. Everyone is charming, vivacious, clever. Everyone seems blessed with the artistic temperament. And, to add zest to life, there is always the inspiriting allurements of mystery, the baffling ignorance of identity, and the romantic glamour which provokingly clings to uncertainty.

The story is not worth the telling unless, of course, Mr. Harland is the narrator. His peculiar gift is a delicate, dainty style, amounting at times almost to preciousness. It shows every trace of French lineage. Mr. Harland seeks always to catch and image faint *nuances* of expression, the lightest shades of tone, and the daintiest inflections of thought and speech. His women always wonder or ponder or think aloud with "Brrr"

or "Whrr" or "Thrr or "Ffff." John, the hero, always "quickly ripostes," his blue eyes "whimsically brighten," and occasionally he speaks "with a lilt of dubiety and a frown of excogitation." His "radiant blondeur lights up with subcutaneous laughter," he has been known to "push an ouf," and once John actually "had a gesture."

Maria Dolores is, perhaps, not quite such an executant as John, but she does her part well, nevertheless. Her voice is like "ivory and white velvet," her eyes "light approvingly," and her lips, under provocation, become "the gaolers of a smile." Nor must it be forgotten that a faint, faint perfume (like a far-away memory of rose leaves) always hovers about her person.

All this is very clever and Harlandesque, and yet there is something a trifle wearisome in the "damnable iteration" of these preciosities of style. Mr. Harland is never willing to descend to the ordinary commerce of thought—the speech of daily life. He is mortally afraid of the commonplace. He has not yet learned the difficult lesson that "the fear of the commonplace is by no means the beginning of wisdom."

It must be granted, however, after all is said, that the characters, their speech, and the sublimated romance of their life is in harmonious and agreeable accord with the romanticism of atmosphere and environment in which they are set. Everything blooms graciously in this Italian atmosphere, which Mr. Harland has seized with such delicate restraint and artistic sympathy. It is impossible to complain seriously of people who speak with vaguely rueful modulations, quote Browning more or less frequently, and believe that "the world is always romantic if you have the three gifts needful to make it so—faith, the sense of beauty, and the sense of humor."

## II.

Sometime ago a little book was written by a young lieutenant in the German army. This little novel has created an international sensation, and is correctly described as a bomb in German army circles. An English translation, with a special introduction by Wolf von Schierbrand, has recently come from the press of the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Herr Schierbrand's

introduction betrays intimate knowledge, on his part, of military affairs in the Fatherland, and its serious tone is as thought-arresting, as provocative of profound consideration as any of the startling revelations of the book itself, which went into its one hundred and tenth thousand in two weeks after its publication. The Emperor issued a decree addressed to the twenty-three corps commanders, which finally led to the court-martialing, cashiering, and imprisonment of a whole group of officers, among them the author of the book.

It is rather hard for the average American to realize how "A Realistic Novel of German Army Life of To-Day," which is the subtitle of "A Little Garrison," written by Lieut. Bilse under the *nom de plume* of "Fritz von der Kyrburg"—it is rather hard to realize how this little book could create such tremendous excitement throughout Germany. From the standpoint of art, there is no question that the book is the work of a literary novice. In no sense of the word can the book be called a great novel. It is amateurish, uneven, crude. It reveals no literary finish, no artistic restraint, none of the shades and tones that great art suggests and demands. It is all alike—plain, straightforward, ordinary. This little brochure appears as the crude effort of the veriest literary tyro beside the epic vastness and stark power of the work of Zola. It is lacking in unity, is episodic throughout, and betrays no sign of the deft literary craftsman. As a literary production, it would certainly have brought its author little fame; for it is a badly written, ill-constructed story, redolent of foul odors, teeming with vulgarities, and blotched with immoralities.

And yet it is, in a marked degree, both vital and vivid. Nauseating as the details are, revolting as is the theme, still its microscopic accuracy and brutal realism present a picture not easily to be forgotten. It might readily pass for the most rabid cynicism if its author had not proclaimed it a faithful transcript of life. The personages and incidents are actual ones, slightly disguised by changes of name and place, and were immediately recognized at the trial of Lieut. Bilse. What the author has done is to write a novel which is a document, a

vital presentment of real life as it is lived to-day in the barracks of the German army.

Professor Brander Matthews and Mr. Howells, in their essays and pronunciamientos on behalf of realism, have declared that "the only novels worth considering as historical are not those written in one epoch to give a view of the life or the events of some earlier epoch, but those which deal with the life of the time at which they were written, and which have grown historical through the passage of years." Such books are documents upon which future historians may base conclusions. Viewed in this light, Lieut Bilse's book, after the lapse of time, will deserve the title of an historical novel. Truth is what the young German officer has written; otherwise the book could not have met serious consideration at the hands of one so jealous of the "honor" of the German army as the German Emperor. Those well-known words of Zola, "*La Verité est en marche et rien ne l'arrêtera,*" seem especially applicable here. Truth is on the march, and neither the law nor the press—no, not even the Emperor himself—can stop it.

Even the fact that the book is a genuine and just portrayal of existing social conditions in garrison towns on the German frontier to-day is, however, scarcely a satisfactory explanation of the national sensation it has created. Nor can it serve to explain the imprisonment of the author. The true cause for its notoriety is the object of its attack. The book struck at the most cherished institution of the Fatherland. It was audacity run mad. Who before had ever dared to criticise in scathing terms the army of Germany, to write a crushing arraignment of the conditions prevailing in that army? The author of this novel handled with bare hands the abuses of militarism, revealed the low ebb of *morale* in the service, proved the utter absence of *esprit*, and painted in garish colors the horrors of the present *régime*. He even went so far as to suggest the correction, to offer the solution of the problem which his own realistic tale posed. This gives to the book the claim to the title of "novel with a purpose," for its object is obviously the laying bare and proposal of settlement of the evils of present social conditions in German army life.

"Wein, Weib, und Gesang" might well serve as a symbolical title for the book. The characters are grouped in sets of three—the "eternal triangle," the conventional *ménage à trios*. The atmosphere is one of tobacco smoke, the air reeks with the fumes of tobacco and the smell of liquor, while the prevailing spirit is that of intrigue. Here is a portfolio of realistic and graphic traits not simply nauseating but maddening to the German who loves "the service." It is difficult to believe that the conditions described are in any real sense typical. Every character in the book, with the pitiful exception of two or three, is represented as brutal, unjust, sordid, mercenary, and debauched. Even these two or three sound characters, despite their earnest efforts, have been ruined, either by personal animosity or by the social system which lowers all alike, depressing their spirits, their state of being, or their character.

The lowest class of officers garrison the frontier posts. Here they exhaust invention in seeking means to gratify their physical natures. They gamble away their time, spend far more money than they ever earn, drink at their club from morning till night, and spend many of their spare moments in contracting *liaisons* with the wives of their brother officers. They are unjust, overbearing, cruel, and inhuman in their attitude toward their inferiors, treating them more like brutes than men. This evil is assigned as the cause of socialism in the German Empire. The officers kick and beat and maltreat the soldiers under them unless bribed to treat them in human fashion. Coarse callousness best describes the attitude of the officers to their subordinates. This evil furnishes the theme for perhaps the most suggestive incident in the book. Because Sergeant Schmitz refuses to overfeed the horses, a refusal more in jest than in disrespect, his superior officer in a fit of drunken anger maliciously reports him for insubordination. Schmitz is court-martialed, unjustly tried, and sentenced to two months in jail. At the end of that time the worthy Schmitz is forced to resign, and leaves the army practically disgraced. Not long afterwards we see Schmitz again, but now he is on the platform haranguing a large audience of the working classes. He has turned Socialist. The germ is at work. Socialism is thus



bred of social discontent and the burning shame of injustice arrayed in the garb of military law.

Not only was it fully brought out at Lieut. Bilse's trial that he had told the truth, but the German press, as well, admits the truth of his arraignment. The leading German papers insist that the book be most seriously pondered in high places, and declare that public confidence must be restored in the army. Germany can no longer gracefully point the finger of scorn at France for the Dreyfus revelations, when her saner spirits are anxiously inquiring, "Is another Jena coming?"

### III.

It has been said more than once that the literature of the South in the United States reveals remarkable sensitiveness to feeling and sentiment, but exhibits no masterly grasp of mental and moral problems. In dealing with fundamental phases of nature and of life, the Southern writer passes out of the realm of thought into the realm of feeling. The dictum that the South has not produced the great thinkers, the great moralists, the great ethical teachers of American literature and American life has become almost a banality of criticism. How often is heard the statement, however false, that the Southern artist has not the seer's vision, does not "see life steadily and see it whole!" For the Southern writer, according to this narrow and partial estimate, the vision in the magic glass of art is not of intellect, moral inspiration, and breadth of view. Instead, there appear the prismatic and irradiant images of passionate feeling and subtle sympathy with nature.

Miss Glasgow's "The Deliverance" is notable and important in the literature not only of to-day but of the decade, chiefly because it is a marvelous composite of the Southern instinct for feeling and the Northern passion for ethics. In this fact lie the supreme distinction and the artistic significance of Miss Glasgow's latest and most distinguished piece of work.

In this novel is seen, on the one hand, the most delicate sympathy with the moods of nature, the sensitiveness of feeling which stoops even to deception for the larger sake of sparing human suffering, the expansiveness of poetic and imagi-

native insight which always projects man against the background of a primeval and life-infusing nature. The smell of virgin soil, the aroma of the fields, the air of wide expanses hang about its backgrounds and vistas. It conveys a sense of extent, an impression of spaciousness. The genius of the author suggests wide horizons of hope, great reaches of passion. In this way the poetic instinct of the South has spoken.

On the other hand, the moral problem is the central fire of the story, and this central fire slowly expands and well-nigh envelops the whole scene. The evolution of the young aristocrat through suffering, the exfoliation of moral consciousness through the vitalizing power of a generous and whole-hearted love, the expansion of moral vision through manly renunciation and truly heroic self-sacrifice—this tells the story in its ethical import and individual significance. These are largely the qualities of the literature of the North—the emphasis upon thought, the primal, quintessential stress of conscience, the ultimate triumph of right over wrong.

In "The Deliverance" these traits of South and North blend in a wonderfully consistent and satisfying picture—a picture instinct with feeling, passion, nature; animate with morality, conscientiousness, and ethical finality. We are called to witness not the staggering feat of the evolution of moral consciousness in a single night, but the leisurely exposition of human character and its final evolution into shapes of eternal verity. The book betrays the strong, sure grasp of genuine literary craftsmanship, the keen power of clear and epic visualization, the reach and mastery of a tremendous moral, ethical, and social problem. The masculinity and stark power of its appeal grip and hold you to the end.

Under foot is the virgin soil, all about you is heard the rustle of the green tobacco plants, and across the farm, set in the peace and quietness of nature, surge in devilish deliberation the malignant and destructive passions of racial hatred and individual animosity. The primitive, the elemental passions are at large, and slowly, surely, inevitably they work toward a climax, the fulfilling of the law of ungovernable hatred, which is ruin, murder, and sudden death.

But at the heart of this hatred dwells also the purifying, regenerative power of a noble and unselfish love. In the pitting of these two overmastering forces against each other lies the fundamental interest of the story. In the deliverance of a great soul from the obsession of an ingrained, fostered, and fiercely burning hatred through the instrumentality of a pure and exalted love consists the moral import of this dramatic recital of human frailty and human struggle.

Of the new novelists of the New South, Miss Glasgow stands preëminent as the artist who has blended, in a firmly motivated, consistently wrought, and powerfully imagined story, the emollient charm and graceful romance of the South with the more rigid self-examination and moral introspectiveness of the North.

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## METHODS IN POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

As this is the year for the Presidential campaign and the nominations have been made, we may be reasonably sure that the cry "A campaign of education!" will again be heard. Like the spirit of patriotism, the cry will not be narrowly sectional but broadly national; nor will the promise to conduct such a campaign be confined to any particular party. That there is need of a campaign of education cannot be questioned; but, if we may judge the future by the past, the *bona fides* of the demand for it by the political parties may justly be questioned. The need of what would be in fact as well as in name a campaign of education appears immediately when we consider that the issues to be passed upon by the electorate in the coming election are far-reaching in their consequences. When once the facts are fully and fairly before the mind of the American people, I have an unquestioned confidence in their ability to render an intelligent decision—and I may say here, by way of parenthesis, that I am not running for office, and that the above is not a bid for popularity—but a decision, as distinguished from a guess, must be rendered by a mind illumined by the facts. There is nothing about a popular election which can repeal the laws of logic and arrive at a wise decision by methods peculiar to itself. Even the numerical majority must march along the same line as the lone pilgrim, if they would arrive at wisdom's temple. In politics, intelligent decisions must ever rest upon present facts and past experiences.

About all this there is little room for serious doubt, however much our practices be at variance with our sober convictions; hence there is little utility in arguing at great length a matter upon which we are practically agreed. We proceed, therefore, to the consideration of the practical question: Do the political parties actually favor a campaign of education? Can we reasonably hope for what in the true sense may be called a campaign of education this autumn? As we are not a Court of

Chancery, and have no means of "sifting the consciences" of party leaders, we are forced to draw upon past campaigns for material upon which to base a conclusion as to what we may expect in the coming campaign. The two great factors in a political campaign are the press and the platform; and as we are now inquiring into the motives of political parties, we will primarily consider the character of the emanations from each which are avowedly controlled by the political parties.

If the reader will examine the "campaign literature" printed and distributed under the supervision of the party leaders and paid for out of campaign funds, he will find that very little of it is written in the spirit of one who aims at discovering and imparting the whole truth; nor indeed is it intended that it should be, by those who furnish the sinews of war. I maintain that what is aimed at in the bulk of political literature is the bending of the truth to meet particular ends and not a candid attempt to put the reader in possession of the facts on both sides of the question, upon which the correct conclusion must rest. Some of the political literature does not even stop at the suppression of truth, but gives publication to naked falsehood, which is naturally the next step in the descending scale. Yet, however indicative of degradation it may be, the "dirty sheet" is not nearly so insidious in its effects as the ingenious presentation of garbled truths; for, in the former, falsehood appears in her native garb, and, being readily recognized, is shunned except by the most unwary or perverse, while in the latter the charms of truth and art combine to mislead and often do mislead all save the most judicial minds. Facts and figures are often quoted freely, but very frequently such facts and figures serve to bewilder and mislead rather than to instruct and assist in arriving at a just conclusion.

We are not indulging in metaphor when we say that car loads of literature are sent out which can have no other purpose than to appeal to the prejudices and passions of any who may waste their time in reading such veritable rubbish. Catch phrases and cartoons are sought out with the keenness of discrimination with which the trained dog scents its game, seized upon with an avidity and satisfaction with which the hungry



babe grapples its mother's breast, and distributed with an earnestness and zeal which would have done honor to the prophets. A large percentage of this printed matter which is considered by the party bosses as "good campaign material," and which is scattered about in such profusion that for its abundance, if not in other ways, it might be likened unto the lice or the locusts of Egypt, would contribute more light to the world by way of bonfire than by way of literature.

With an appeal to the tribunal of the reader's judgment I rest my case as to the political press, and proceed to a consideration of the methods characteristic of the political platform. If the average political orator has in mind the enlightenment of his hearers as a possible result of his discussion, then the thought that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made" must appeal to him as being particularly true of our mental construction. Were any one to talk to us about our business affairs in the claptrap manner in which the average "spellbinder" talks to us about our political affairs, our patience would be exhausted with a rapidity worthy of the emergency. Why it is that we tolerate—nay, even applaud—such departures from the canons of logic and rules of plain common sense, simply because the speaker is talking politics, is one of the inconsistencies of humankind which is more easily discovered than accounted for. Whether consciously or unconsciously, the idea seems to prevail that in political discussion the ordinary laws of thought may be safely disregarded. And thus politics, which in its very nature demands the most careful and practical thinking, has become the field wherein the mental acrobat displays his pranks, to the great delectation of his partisan followers.

In all sober discussion the object should be to subordinate minor differences of opinion in order to arrive at the central truth; but in politics the order is reversed, and what is sought after most zealously and emphasized most decidedly is differences, and what is avoided with the utmost care is a harmonizing of the views held by the respective parties. Upon most questions of far-reaching importance there is abundant room for honest differences of opinion upon points that are funda-

mental to a decision of the question, but there is no rational justification for magnifying minor differences which really amount to very little, and ingeniously creating differences which have no foundation in fact. Yet these methods are fancied necessary in order to accentuate the multiplicity of respects in which one party is superior to the opposing party. It is for this same reason that personalities which really have no connection with a candidate's fitness or unfitness are injected into political discussions.

Unfortunately these tactics are not monopolized by that class of political speakers commonly denominated "curbstone orators," but are too often and freely used by those who aspire to be statesmen. If the reader will but take an inventory of the political discussions which he has heard during "campaigns of education," by men high in the political councils of the nation, he will be pained to recall that many of them have appealed to prejudice, and not to reason, and in so doing have gone a long way toward preventing sober thought, and thus disqualifying the people for grave, sensible consideration of the real question at issue. Have they not ranted where reason alone should have prevailed? Have they not "torn a passion to tatters and split the ears of the groundlings," where only sound argument could answer? Take the questions which have been foremost in recent campaigns and examine the methods of discussion, the universality of which have been commensurate with their senselessness.

In the discussion of the financial question, which is pre-eminently a field for careful thought and wide research, the method of discussion adopted was one in which unsound argument supplanted scientific thought; and the contending parties vied with each other in forestalling all calm discussion by the respective cries of "Wall Street Gold Bug" and "Honest Dollar." The same method, in which sound is substituted for sense, appears in our tariff discussions of both homeopathic and allopathic schools, so that most of them rest not upon science or logic, not upon fact or philosophy, not upon reason or principle, but upon the shifting sands of partisan prejudice and selfish interests. Here, "pauper labor" has been the bludgeon

used to beat out the brains of sober discussion. These questions may or may not have been settled correctly (that is not my province to determine, for it is far from my purpose to arrogate to myself any claim to omniscience); but of this we may be reasonably sure, that if they are, it is not because of, but in spite of, the free resort to the methods to which we refer. Epithets are not arguments, and cannot serve to clarify our vision or enlighten our understanding. The outlook for securing what would be in truth and not merely in name a campaign of education is, therefore, not promising, if it must be brought about by factors under the control of the political parties.

There are, however, other directions in which we may look. These are: the nonpartisan newspaper and the independent thinker and writer. Yet we must not expect too much from the former of these sources, since while not nominally it is actually under the control of the political parties. From the great metropolitan daily, with its circulation reaching into the hundreds of thousands, to the county weekly, with its few dozens of subscribers, there is generally abundant evidence of an attempt to throw dust into the eyes of their readers by a one-sided presentation of the case, by partisan comments, and by unwarranted conclusions; rather than to clarify their vision and furnish an adequate basis for a just judgment. Therefore, what has been said of the purely political literature applies all too well to the newspaper. In a spirit of fairness and candor it must be said that there are a few exceptions which are at once an honor to their editors and a tribute to the intelligence of their readers.

The remaining source and the one from which, in our judgment, much is to be hoped, is the independent thinker, whose thoughts are communicated to his fellow-men, sometimes from the platform and sometimes through the medium of a high-grade magazine. The practical difficulty here—and it is indeed a serious one—is that it does not reach the class that needs it most. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that the magazine of the type represented by the *North American Review* is no inconsiderable factor in molding political opinion in the United States.

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## GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.

OF all the artists who have striven to justify the ways of God to man, George Frederick Watts is perhaps the greatest and the most successful. The task that he undertook is a hard one at times, when the rod falls heavy upon the innocent back, and when the wronged soul seems to cry in vain for justice. It would be foolish to say that Watts has answered the riddle that the sphinx is forever forcing upon us; but he has made a response of such nobility that it has cheered thousands in his own day, and will cheer thousands yet unborn. No one who enters the great room in the Tate Gallery where his masterpieces hang leaves it without feeling uplifted to a higher and serener sphere.

Watts was one of the greatest of the stoics that have lived since Marcus Aurelius. In modern days we have lost the true meaning of the word stoic. It now conveys to the popular mind a mere stolid endurance of pain such as the American Indian displayed when tortured by his captors. But the true stoicism, the stoicism of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, was something entirely different. With them fortitude under affliction was a mere incident. Their bodies and minds were not hardened to pain. They had such faith in an all-ruling Divinity who was ordering everything for the best, they had such confidence that sickness and sorrow were but passing evils incident to the working out of a great and beneficent plan, that they felt themselves lifted above the reach of suffering. They dwelt on the mountain tops in the eternal serenity of the sun and stars, turning their eyes away from the storms beneath. Into this proud company Watts has entered; and if kindred spirits meet beyond the grave, he is now in high converse with the best of the emperors and the slave who was his master.

Watts was a man intensely religious, with a firm faith in the existence of a great Power that rules the universe for good, and which will draw peace and righteousness out of the turmoil and



sorrow of our mortal life. But he subscribed to no creed. His religious principle is that which lies at the root of every faith, and the lessons that his pictures teach will appeal equally to Christian and Buddhist, to Moslem and Jew. He tells us that God is just and merciful, that evil is but a temporary manifestation which works for good in the end. It has been well said that he alone of artists could have fittingly decorated the hall in which the Parliament of Religions was held at the Chicago Exposition. He alone could have uttered a message that would have been welcomed by every faith; which would have exalted all and offended none.

He is the painter of life's two supreme mysteries, love and death: this groping of kindred souls seeking one another in the darkness, which men call Love; this passing into the shuddering void, which men call Death. And he conceives of both in a noble, uplifting way that brings peace to tortured hearts. Love with him is not the mischievous urchin of Anacreon, nor even the beautiful youth who wooed Psyche in Apuleius's immortal tale. He is the beneficent spirit that binds heart to heart, the soul of the mother who looks into the smiling face of her babe, of the father who shows his son the upward path, of the brother who sustains the sister's faltering steps, of the friend who lays down his life for his friend, of the youth and maid who see heaven reflected in one another's eyes, of the husband and wife who, strong in one another's affection, go down hand in hand into the shadows. It is the universal principle that binds heart to heart, and manifests itself in kind deeds and loving words that bring hope and encouragement and joy.

And Death does not appear to him as a skeleton with a scythe. It comes as a gentle mother, bringing rest to the weary, peace to the eyes that are wet with tears. It comes as a sad but beneficent deity, sorrowful but comforting, as gentle as inexorable.

In all the long catalogue of his pictures, it is likely that the "Love and Life" and the "Love and Death" will remain the most popular and the most typical. Few pictures have been painted of greater dignity and beauty or nobler moral import. That strong, kind, manly love, guiding life's feeble, trusting



footsteps over the rocks up the steep mountain summit to the eternal day; that little feeble love that strives so desperately to drive back from the beloved door the great resistless Death that comes with no ungentle purpose—these are contributions to the world's art which will never be suffered to fall into oblivion, and which will be repeated in countless copies when the originals, which were painted for eternity, shall have crumbled into dust. They appeal alike to all men of all nations and of every faith, and they will carry down the ages a message of peace and comfort to sorrowing souls.

Watts is a painter of ideas, but he is not a painter of mere allegories. The genius of a Rubens may make a conventional allegory a thing of beauty; but in lesser hands they are apt to remain frigid and lifeless. The beings that Watts paints are alive. They are no cold abstractions. They carry with them the same conviction of vitality that we find in the fauns and tritons of Arnold Böcklin. They have the mystery, the unfathomed depths of the things that live.

Take that "Hope" which is so strangely like Despair, sitting upon the world with bowed head and bandaged eyes, holding the lyre with broken strings. We know not what she means, nor why she is called Hope; but she haunts our dreams like the figures that rest upon the Medicean tombs; a beauty and a mystery forever.

Watts possesses the rarest of artistic gifts, the power to realize the ideal. There are many who can reproduce the real with photographic accuracy. There are many who can paint dreams with dreamlike ineffectiveness. But there are few indeed whose visions assume the reality of truth and who can present them in a convincing manner. To this small number belongs the great artist who has left us.

It was his intention to embody eternal truths in forms that would be comprehended by all men in all ages, and which would require no interpretation. In this he failed, for he attempted the impossible. Even for his contemporaries an interpreter is essential. Few would guess unaided that the strong youth leading the slender, trusting maiden up the steep mountain was Love, or that his frail companion was Life; still fewer would

guess that the powerful woman whose aspect is so benignant yet so firm as she forces the door that the child vainly guards is intended for Death. But when the pictures are explained to us, they convey a noble lesson and one that appeals to the hearts of all men. A universal and self-explanatory symbolism appears to be beyond human achievement; but it is much to have invented symbols that are readily understood when interpreted and which give a vital and tangible form to noble conceptions.

In his art Watts was as essentially a preacher as Fra Angelico. But it is not simple faith in revealed religion that he preaches. He deals in great ethical principles of universal application. His art is no more Christian than Buddhist, no more Hebraic than Mohammedan. His ethical pictures are worthy to be hung in any temple, and no religion could repudiate them without cutting itself off from the principles that should always control human conduct.

And he had that absolute confidence in his mission that is the fundamental trait of all great preachers. Personally modest and unassuming, he took no pride in the technical value of his works; but of their ethical importance he had no doubt. From the first he offered his pictures to the nation with the full conviction that they were a fitting gift for a great people, and that they would have an uplifting influence on national life. Self-confidence of this sort, based not on vainglory but on a full belief that the Eternal is using one as a mouthpiece, incomprehensible as it is to the smiling Voltairian, has in it something of the sublime. That is the kind of faith that moves mountains.

And he who can review Watts's achievement without feeling that this self-confidence was well placed is indeed to be pitied. He who can look at the "Court of Death," where the king and the knight, the bride and the old woman, the child and the cripple, find peace and rest; at the noble form of the "Dead Warrior" with its inscription, "What I spent, I had; what I kept, I lost; what I gave, I have;" at "Conscience, the Dweller in the Innermost," with those awful eyes that seem to search the soul; at the bestial "Mammon," crushing God's most perfect

handiwork, the youth and the maid ready, but for Mammon's power, to do great and beautiful things; at "Death Crowning Innocence," the benign figure of the tender angel folding the little one lovingly to her heart in the sleep that knows no waking; at the "Time, Death, and Judgment," Time marching so inexorably onward arm in arm with the sweet and gentle Death, while the Judgment follows so fast and so surely after—the man who can look at these with no responsive thrill, with no uplifting of the soul, is of the earth earthy.

Because he is a preacher of universal truths Watts is primarily a painter of the nude. He deals with men and women as they appear before God and Nature. Clothing is local and transitory. The vestments of to-day are antiquated to-morrow; those that seem the perfection of grace and dignity in one country strike the inhabitants of another as absurd. But the human form is ever and everywhere the same, and the standards of its strength and beauty vary but little with longitude or time. And where Watts clothes his figures, he clothes them in the draperies of the Elgin marbles, which appeal to the eternal and universal sense of fitness.

But Watts was not merely a preacher. Half of his pictures have no ethical purport, and are painted solely because he loves beauty for itself. In these there is a truly Venetian delight in rounded limbs and voluptuous contours. These pictures are splendidly pagan, adoring beauty for its own sake, and lingering over the perfect human body as its highest manifestation. The spirit that animates them is the spirit of Titian and Giorgione, of Tintoretto in the "Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne," of Paul Veronese in the "Triumph of Venice." Such pictures are the "Diana and Endymion," the "Fata Morgana," the "Arcadia," the "Eve Tempted" and the "Eve Repentant," the "Orpheus and Eurydice," the "Boyhood of Jupiter," the "Ariadne." Had Watts pursued only this line, he would have been one of the most delightful of modern painters; and it is because he had the disposition and the power to evoke these visions of sensuous beauty that his ethical works possess such vitality and truth.

Like all vigorous and original artists, Watts fell into errors

and made some conspicuous failures. The "pittori senz'errori" are doomed to mediocrity; sometimes a splendid mediocrity like that of Andrea del Sarto, but mediocrity still. Watts was not one of those who dwell contented and secure upon the plains. He sought to reach the summits, and, stumbling and falling, he mounted still. If it be true that "not failure, but low aim, is crime," he was guiltless indeed. He strove ever for the ideal, and that he attained it so often marks him as a master of his craft.

Watts belonged to no school. He was not a mediævalist, like Burne-Jones; he was not a classicist, like Lord Leighton. He had no predecessor, and he has left no followers. In his art he stood strangely alone, and he remained singularly insensible to the art movements that seethed around him. He was born into the old, dull, historical school, but he turned his back upon it. Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and the other Pre-Raphaelites gave a new life to English painting, but they moved him not. Lord Leighton, Alma-Tadema, and the neo-pagans ruled the hour, but they had no influence on Watts. Whistler and the impressionists passed by, but he painted on, caring nothing for their symphonies and nocturnes. From youth to age he pursued his own path, unaltered by surrounding influences, and yet no hermit, but a man keenly alive to all the intellectual movements of his time. In Michael Angelo alone can we find such independence, a life so consecrated in itself. He lived in the great throbbing heart of the world, with all the noise and tumult of London in his ears, awake to all that was going on about him, yet pursued his own way as serenely as if in the wilderness. He lived his own spiritual life apart, always simple in manner and sincere in inspiration, dwelling calmly upon the heights.

He was strangely indifferent to criticism. The war raged about his pictures, some proclaiming them daubs, others declaring them to be divine masterpieces; but he went unmoved upon his way, and if he cared for the world's praise or blame no one ever knew it. Certainly his work showed no trace of the critic's influence, remaining perfectly individual to the end.

He was like Michael Angelo in realizing that not the face



alone is expressive, but every muscle of the body; and to show his mastery over the body's expression he delighted in painting pictures where the face was turned away, and where only the attitude bespoke the feelings. Such is the Death in the picture of "Love and Death." Her back is turned to us; we see no part of her countenance; but her gesture is so full of protecting kindness that we need nothing more to assure us that she is a benignant deity as loving as she is mighty. So of the young man in the picture "For He Had Great Possessions." His face is averted; but his walk is so full of dejection that we realize perfectly the hopeless struggle going on within him between his yearning for salvation and his inability to part with the riches that bar his road to heaven. And in the "Eve Repentant" we see in the magnificent form of the fallen mother of mankind all the agony of the expulsion.

And yet we have said nothing about what are perhaps the greatest of his works—his portraits. They may not be the finest portraits ever painted, but they are certainly among the most remarkable. They are not mere presentments of the outer form; they are revelations of the man within. Perhaps his sitters did not look like this; but if that be so, it is their own fault. He has painted them as they should be. He has taken the great men of his time in England, and he has given us portraits in which we read all the strivings of their souls, all the achievements of their lives. In point of fact Nature no doubt covered the spirit with a less transparent vesture of clay; no doubt she etched the man's doings less clearly on his face. No doubt the pictures are true rather to the inner than to the outer man. It is almost impossible that the strain of the intellect and the striving of the soul should have wrought out such a face as that awful portrait of Cardinal Manning, where all the intensity of faith, all the intellectual energy, the inflexible purpose, and the unfathomed mysteries of the Catholic Church are forever concentrated; a face that haunts us like a vision, and which, once seen, is never forgotten. It is not likely that Lord Tennyson was in his outward aspect so thoroughly the ideal poet, living so entirely apart in the world of dreams. It is improbable that any of Watts's sitters wore their hearts



so completely on their sleeves. But his portraits are priceless interpretations of England's leading men, telling us more of their inner lives than many pages of writing and shedding a penetrating ray on contemporary history.

They are like that wonderful bust of Julius Cæsar in the British Museum, easily the greatest portrait bust that was ever made. Cæsar may not have looked like this, so refined, so intellectual, so resolute, so remorseless, such a wonderful combination of the scholar, the gentleman, and the beast of prey; but if he did not look thus, Nature blundered in the outer man. This gives us the true Cæsar, and in its lineaments we read the fate of Rome.

It is pleasing to think that, unlike so many great artists, Watts was successful from the first. He was spared the years of neglect and scorn that usually await the youth who would seek the favor of the Muses. His genius met with an early recognition, and in his old age he had "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." Born in 1817, and dying only this year, he spanned almost a century, and died knowing that he had been a strength and an inspiration to thousands of his fellow-men.

Like Michael Angelo, Watts cared only for man. He painted no landscapes that we have seen save one view of barren mountain summits. The human soul, with its hopes and fears, its aspiration and its despair, its love and hate; the human body, so beautiful and so expressive, sufficed to convey his entire message. And he had much else in common with the great Florentine: earnestness, solemnity, a lofty soul that walked alone and sought no companionship, tireless industry that made length of days fruitful in enduring works, independence of external influences, a continual striving after the ideal.

But there were also great differences. Michael Angelo was an intense Christian of the type of Savonarola, finding his inspiration rather in the Psalms and the Hebrew prophets than in the Gospels; Watts was equally devout, but his religion knew no creed and personified no god. Michael Angelo is the essence of striving, and his troubled spirit knows no rest; Watts has the serenity of a Grecian sage. Michael Angelo is not a moralist, save as strength and beauty are moral in themselves; Watts

is consciously and intentionally didactic. Michael Angelo was a draughtsman, while Watts was a colorist. But with all their differences, there is much in common between them, and he who loves the one is not apt to be blind to the other's worth.

In considering the rank of an artist there are two things to weigh—his message, and the way he conveys it. Of these the latter is the more important, for without the "prehensile eye" and the skillful finger there can be no art. So essential are they that a man may be a very great artist, though, like Whistler, he has no message to his fellow-men save that light is beautiful and shadows not less alluring. But when, as in the case of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Albert Dürer, the cunning hand and the seizing eye are combined with an intellect that thinks great thoughts and dwells aloft above the common herd, we have art's supreme manifestation, and the message which the artist utters goes thundering or singing down the ages.

According to Parisian standards, Watts's art education was sadly neglected. He was a pupil in the royal academy when its teaching was at the lowest ebb that it ever reached, when it was a factory of lifeless historical pictures painted in bitumen; and he wisely forsook its halls, and spent his time before the Elgin marbles, which to the end of his days he declared to be his real masters; and when later he was sent to Rome, he spent his time in the galleries, not copying, but absorbing. He worked out his own salvation in his own way, taking as his teachers the great men of the past, not the living masters of the hour. He thus acquired a technic that was singularly original and that was fitted to expressing his thoughts as none other could have been. It is not a technic that should be taught in the schools, for it is not suited to other men; but it suited him, just as Wagner's style of orchestration, which is so often offensive in his imitators, was the perfect mode of expressing the vast thoughts and Titanic passions of the greatest of composers.

Watts was not an accomplished draughtsman in the Florentine style. Like the Venetian, he drew with his brush. He modeled, dealing in rounded surfaces rather than in outlines.

And this he did well; not with the quick, sure hand of a Titian or a Rubens, but with patient labor till the end was achieved. He could not, with the stroke of a brush, make the flesh quiver and shine like the great Venetians or the mighty Fleming; but he had that infinite capacity for taking pains that characterizes genius, and when he got through with a picture his forms were vital and substantial. Yet none could call him a great draughtsman.

Because he modeled rather than drew, his work is usually spoken of as Venetian in its character; but nothing could be farther apart than the splendid fusing and blending of Venetian coloring and Watts's laborious stippling. Yet Watts was the most original and one of the greatest of modern colorists.

He was not the inventor of stippling. He was not the first to see that the play of light on small contiguous points of contrasting color would blend them in rich harmonies—harmonies in some respects more splendid than if the pigments themselves were fused on the palette; but he was the only great artist to adopt that as a system, and no one else has ever used it to such advantage. Nor was there any other system that would have suited his purpose so well. Titian and Rubens understood the art of blending colors and yet rendering them enduring, but the moderns have most often sadly failed. Witness Sir Joshua Reynolds, Delacroix, and Hans Makart. In their time they were proclaimed the equals of the great Venetians or of Rubens; but their works have now so faded and blackened and have grown so opaque that those who admire their color do so merely in obedience to tradition. Their fusions were made by the abuse of oil and bitumen, and time has had its revenge.

Watts painted not merely for his own generation, but primarily for future ages; and these points of color put on substantially dry promise to be the most enduring of all media. There is no reason why they should ever darken or change, and the pictures of Watts should be fresh and glowing when those of most of his contemporaries have become mere blotches of scaling paint.

It is this supreme mastery of dry stippled color that makes Watts one of the great technicians and therefore one of the

great artists. And it is surprising with what skill he uses it. Close at hand his pictures seem mere collections of blotches and points of paint of unrelated tints; but if you step back far enough to see the picture as a whole, all is melted into harmony. The harmony is a little hard and glittering, and lacks the voluptuous softness of Venetian color; but it is very genuine, and admirably suited to express the great and enduring thoughts that Watts committed to the canvas. He is the supreme master in one branch of technic, and this is enough to make him a great artist.

But with Watts technic was not the end to be aimed at, as with Whistler. It was not a form of sensuous music; it was an articulate speech, to be used in the utterance of great thoughts, in the bodying forth of splendid visions of eternal truths.

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## JOHN OF ANTIOCH, SAINT CHRYSOSTOM.

There is an Oriental adage to the effect that a man can never have but one mother. He may have more than one wife; his children may die and be succeeded by others; his friends may forsake him, but it is rarely impossible to replace them; riches may vanish, but the world is wide, and they may be accumulated a second time; health may be lost or impaired, but while life endures the most hopeless invalid seldom despairs of its reestablishment. But by no possibility can a good mother's devotion and love and self-sacrificing, and anticipation and yearning, and heart pains and sobs and sorrows, and sighings and anxieties, and pleadings and admiration, and encouragement and sustaining sympathy, and pride and honor, and hope and patience and prayers ever be entirely exhibited by another, howsoever fond and consecrated. So it is that Oriental young men are, and have been from the earliest times, remarkably devoted to their mothers, unless they have been monsters in human shape, or those who have wanted a mother's early training and care. But even many of the very worst that have made history awful have kept one redeeming quality—their treatment of their mothers.

It is one of the chief delights of the study of some of the great characters of Christianity to see what a debt of gratitude they owed for their mothers' care and love, how largely their future was the result of the instruction and training given them in youth, and how the good impulses then imbibed enabled them to follow the right, to know it whenever encountered throughout their lives. Nomea, Monica, and Anthusa, noble, unselfish mothers, are three women whose names rank with those of all ages for distinguished training of their young sons, who afterwards were to shine among their fellows by reason of some one virtue, or more than one, received from their mothers. And how true this is of three sons of these good women: Gregory, Augustine, and John!



The third of those wonderful men was born in Antioch, 347 A.D. His father was a military officer who had won distinction, and his mother was the devoted Anthusa, who is a noble example among the Christian women of antiquity. It is said that her consistency and devotion made her a favorite even with the heathen, and the great pagan rhetorician, afterwards the teacher of her son, exclaimed: "Ah, what wonderful women there are among the Christians!" John's father died not long after the birth of his son, without having, so far as is known, embraced Christianity. So the education of this pagan soldier's son fell upon the mother, who found herself a widow at twenty and whose life thenceforth was to be given to the nurture of the son and the worshipful memory of the father. To the former she taught her own Christian conceptions and planted in his soul the germs of piety which later flowered and brought forth fruit abundantly for himself and the whole Church. He became confirmed in the belief of his mother's admonitions and Bible teachings, so that he was secure against the seductions of heathenism.

John's literary and scholastic training was received from Libanius, the great Sophist of the Greeks, perhaps the greatest then living. His school at Antioch flourished, the renowned teacher having spent a number of years at Athens in the ardent hope of finding all the learning he required. He was greatly interested in his young pupil John, the son of the soldier, and his admiration for his talents and abilities was so great, we may readily believe, that the wily pedagogue sought to offset the mother's precepts, and to use "his utmost arts and exhibit all that was most captivating in Grecian philosophy and poetry to enthrall the imagination of his promising pupil." Libanius, in one of his epistles, rejoices at John's success. It was the hope and plan of Libanius to establish the young scholar in the school as his assistant and successor, in the maintenance of the doctrines and the defense of paganism. The old Sophist, we are told, when about to die, on being asked whom he wished for his successor, is said to have sadly replied: "John, if only the Christians had not carried him away."

Although he became a rhetorician, and chose the profession

of the law and was thoroughly successful (and in Antioch, the pleasure-loving city of wealth and commercial importance, success in legal practice meant much to a young man of learning and ability), the impulses of John were all toward the cultivation of divine things, and the sources of inspiration he found in the sacred writings of the Christianity of his mother. He devoted himself for three years to instruction by Bishop Meletius, received baptism at his hands, and was named by him a reader in the Church.

But John wanted more service, more devotion, and under the inspiration of a zealous friend determined to enter one of the monasteries in the remote part of Syria; and the voice of the great Christian orator was like not to have been heard, being doomed by him to silence, or to exhaust itself in prayers and ejaculations audible only to his God and himself. But the devoted mother again saved the Church this great loss. Dean Milman relates the exceeding beauty and touching character of her pleading with her son:

"As soon as she learned his determination to retire to a distant region, she took him by the hand, she led him to her chamber, she made him sit by her on the bed in which she had borne him, and burst out into tears and into language more sad than tears. She spoke of the cares and troubles of widowhood; grievous as they had been, she had ever one consolation—the gazing on his face and beholding in him the image of his departed father. Before he could speak he had thus been her comfort and joy. She reminded him of the fidelity with which she had administered the paternal property. 'Think not,' she said, 'that I would reproach you with these things. I have but one favor to entreat—make me not a second time a widow; awaken not again my slumbering sorrows. Wait at least for my death; perhaps I shall depart before long. When you have laid me in the earth, and reunited my bones to those of your father, then travel wherever thou wilt, even beyond the sea; but as long as I live endure to dwell in my house, and offend not God by afflicting your mother, who is at least blameless toward thee.'" ("History of Christianity," Vol. 3, p. 124.)

It is not strange that the young man could not resist, and he

abided with his mother till her death. In all his early years as Christian convert and theological student, his impulse seems to have been for self-discipline and practice of self-denial in some way that would be positive and known, and while acceding to his mother's entreaty to comfort and cheer her lonely life by his presence, we are told that he virtually turned his own home into a monastery. He secluded himself, and practiced the most rigid asceticism. He ate and slept little, and devoted much time to prayer. He maintained an almost unbroken silence, to prevent a relapse into the habit of censure or involuntary slander. (Dr. Schaff, p. 17.) His former legal associations were abandoned, and he was considered by those who had known him as unsocial and morose. (Ibid.) Two of his fellow-pupils joined him in his ascetic life, both of whom afterwards became very eminent in the councils of the Church. It was a constant grief and trial to John that these companions did not appear to him to preserve a rigid enough maintenance of their self-imposed vows. One of them, Theodore, afterwards Bishop of Mopsuestia, was weak enough to dwell much upon his attachment to a well-known young lady, and seriously contemplated abandoning his austere life and uniting himself in marriage with her. His resolution was a blow to John, who was moved by the incident to prepare his earliest known treatise, "An Exhortation to Theodore," in which, says Dr. Schaff, he employed all his oratorical arts of sad sympathy, tender entreaty, and bitter reproach and terrible warning to reclaim his friend to what he thought the surest and safest way to Heaven. "To sin," he wrote, "is human, but to persist in sin is devilish; to fall is not ruinous to the soul, but to remain upon the ground is." The plea had the desired effect. Faith and monasticism were one and the same thing to John, and failure in devotion and adherence to the latter was apostasy from the former.

In considering a work of this kind and a mother's inspiring it, the times and conditions of life which surrounded the young ecclesiastics must be borne in mind. To have the consecration of the secluded life of the ascetic, and enter the world by marriage was undoubtedly thought by John to be at the peril of

his companion's Christian character. It meant sharing in the activities and exposure to the temptations of social life in Antioch, with its partial preservation of heathen festivals, games, exhibitions, and practices, diviners, augurs, magicians, enchanters, the priests of Cybele, festivals of Adonis, and the worship of the Syrian symbol of universal deity, the sun, of which the city was the chief seat; it meant being surrounded by the "profligate of every age and by prostitutes, with their wantonness and shameless language." No wonder the young devotee was moved to write strongly. The example of one like Theodore would be followed by others of weakening faith, and John undoubtedly felt that every advance of heathendom must be resisted, every one of its blows warded off, and consequently used the most powerful weapons for offense and defense of which he was possessed, a ready pen and awe-inspiring, absorbing language. The result was he preserved to the Church a powerful bishop and one of the first of biblical scholars. And in this, too, was not the unconscious force of his mother's teaching and example portrayed, and did not John do for others what his mother had done for him? and is not this the chiefest way in which children honor their parents and repay their good offices?

But the young Antiochene lost his mother and he was left alone, free to cherish his purpose of a monastic life and devotion to his conception of "the true philosophy." Now about this time occurred a singular episode in his life and one which developed a weak spot in his character, which has subjected him to unfavorable criticism. Vacancies were occurring in the Syrian bishoprics, from frequent dispositions growing out of the controversies between orthodoxy and Arianism, and interposition of court influence. John and Basil, though not yet thirty years of age, attracted attention of clergy and people as suitable candidates for the episcopal office. John shrank from the responsibilities and vicissitudes of the high dignity. Doubtless he believed himself not sufficiently tried and experienced to undertake such a charge, and his subsequent course would warrant this opinion. He apparently consented to act in concert with Basil, but he secluded himself when the moment



came; and Basil, being assured that John had accepted the election to one of the vacant sees, was induced to withdraw his objections, and did the like in regard to another, and reluctantly submitted to the election.

Basil indeed found himself a bishop, but also found the treachery of his friend had been used to his prejudice, and though we are told that he upbraided John for his conduct, John regarded the matter simply as a "pious fraud" and believed and endeavored to strengthen the belief that the end justified the means. His justification took the form of six books—"On the Priesthood." While the ruse was successful and has been excused by many on account of the life of the consecrated father, it has never been forgotten. John cited many instances of a similar deceit, notably Abraham, Jacob, and David, and the apostle Paul's conduct in circumcising Timothy for the sake of the Jews (Acts xvi. 3), and in observing the ceremonial law in Jerusalem for the same reason (Acts xxi. 26).

Not long ago, in conversation, a gentleman of distinction, a man of great learning, refinement, and culture, made the shocking assertion that "anything is right in war and politics, *if it only succeeds!*" Perhaps John's Oriental nature and conscience which had witnessed the same thing done about him every day had hardened him to the belief that success alone is the proper test of action. And after all, is it not the fear of exposure by failure which is the basis for much of the honesty and virtue in which humankind glorifies itself? The trusted official who embezzles, speculates, and succeeds is admired by some for smartness, who if he had failed would be loudest in his denunciation. The following is an instance in which a modern vestry was guilty of conduct of this kind. A proposition was on foot to secure the liquidation of the debt of the Church. A wealthy gentleman offered after a certain amount was secured to donate the balance necessary to pay the debt. The vestry *borrowed* the money, reported that the sum was secured, and the gentleman, influenced by the belief, paid his subscription. There is very little that is new in human nature, after all. Some of the old fathers in their writings sought to teach that the crucifixion was the result of a mere cheat, and



that the devil lost the fallen race by being deceived into the belief that the Saviour was a mere man.

As already suggested, John, after his mother's death, forsook his old associations and went to the solitude of the mountains south of Antioch, and remained six years in theological study, meditation, and prayer. It seems as if this life was to him a spiritual and moral tonic. It gave him power to know himself and govern himself, so that he might be able to keep himself unspotted from the world. When exposed again to the temptations and seductions of city life, he would be so completely the master of himself that he could resist and overcome them and learn to denounce evil wherever it existed. He was a great believer in the monastic system of the proper sort; not a vain, idle existence in useless contemplation, but he believed in the apostolic exhortation to labor and do good.

Much of his time was occupied in the preparation of books on monasticism and celibacy. The emperor Valens, becoming envious, or jealous, or alarmed, or perhaps all combined, at the large number of young men who took up the life, and hence avoided their duties to the state, civil and military, issued an edict against these "followers of idleness," as they were termed. Parents clamored against this neglect of filial duty and appealed to the imperial authority to come to their aid. Hence the decree of Valens. John came forward as a zealous champion in his three books against the opponents of the monastic life. With youthful vehemence, flavored by Oriental rhetoric, he threatened misery in this life and all the pains of hell against the unnatural fathers who would force their sons to expose themselves to the guilt and danger of the world and forbid them to enter into the earthly society of angels, for so he called the monasteries of Antioch.

But there came a day when even John could no longer abide in the cells and huts of the monks, in his goat's-hair garments, rising before sunrise, singing and praying, reading and writing and performing manual labor, with no food save bread and water, except in case of sickness, sleeping on straw couches free from care and anxiety. Six years of this severe regimen told upon his health so that in 380 or 381 he returned to Antioch

with an impaired digestion, a shattered nervous system, with a tendency to headaches. Still he did not remit his labors. He was immediately ordained a deacon by his old friend and preceptor, Meletius, and about five years later, by the successor of this godly bishop, Flavianus, he was made a presbyter. And now began the work to which the remainder of his life was, as he believed, to be devoted—that of preacher to the voluptuous populace of the effeminate city of Antioch. And he did not long remain simply a good preacher; he became a popular favorite. His listeners seemed to delight in being told of their sins, which he never spared but in unmeasured terms rebuked. The prevailing vices he thundered against from the pulpit, warning his hearers by appeals to their consciences rather than their intellects. And the Antiochenes listened if they did not heed. Gibbon, with his wonderful descriptive powers, says that “among them fashion was the only law, pleasure the only pursuit, and splendor of dress and furniture was the only distinction. The arts of luxury were honored, the serious and manly virtues were ridiculed, and the contempt for female modesty and reverent age announced the universal corruption of the capital of the East.” When to these tastes and habits is added the fact that heresy and schism were rife in the Church, and rival parties contended for the ascendancy, it is a marvel that a plain, practical, severe preacher became the idol, and in the midst of all their pleasures and vices the people could not but listen to the commanding voice of the inspired orator, who told them that if the precepts of the gospel were to be compared with the actual practices of society the inferences would be that Christian men were not the disciples but the enemies of Christ.

A comprehensive notion of John's manner and method is given by Dr. Schaff: “John preached Sunday after Sunday, and during Lent sometimes twice or oftener during the week, even five days in succession, on the duties and responsibilities of Christians, and fearlessly attacked the immorality of the city. . . . He exemplified his preaching by a pure and blameless life, and soon . . . won the love of the whole congregation. Whenever he preached the church was crowded. He had to warn his hearers against pickpockets, who found an in-

viting harvest in these dense audiences." And though many of his hearers, after listening to his invectives against the theater and chariot races, would run to the circus to witness and indulge their fondness for these sports, there came a day when they flocked to the church, and gathered about their devoted preacher, who now became their consoler and comforter.

The year 387 was to be a memorable one to the citizens of Antioch. The great Emperor Theodosius needed money, and had his need heralded through the empire. The great cities were to contribute their share, Antioch among the rest. But the prospect of taxation for the glory of the distant Emperor meant possible interruption for many of the delights of the people. It meant less expenditure at the games, the circus, the baths, fewer fine clothes, more modest feasts, and in short it meant retrenchment everywhere. The better classes grumbled and complained, and their discontent spread to the poor, the lawless, and the whole company of irresponsibles, to whom grumbling and discontent meant nothing; these latter, as is usual in all times and places, soon formed a mob bent on riotous proceedings, and acts of violence began which multiplied till destruction grew apace. At last the mob, emboldened by non-resistance, gained the great Judgment Hall, and attacked the statues of the Emperor, his deceased wife, and their two sons, pulling them down and treating them with great indignity, breaking them in pieces and scattering the fragments.

But the reckoning came, and the wrath of the Emperor was sure. It was believed he would destroy the city. The gay and busy capital lost its holiday manner, and despair seized upon its citizens. Wild beasts, the flames, the sword did the bloody work of execution upon the confessedly guilty. Scourging and torture were employed to compel confessions. Time-serving spies made accusations, and the innocent were made to suffer as well as the guilty. Horror-stricken and dismayed with anxiety during the period of several months, they turned to the Church and their preacher, who now reminded them of their sins and their speedy punishment. The season of darkness was made the occasion by John of assuaging the fears, consoling the sorrowing, enforcing serious thoughts upon the dissolute.

Women of the highest rank, brought up with the utmost delicacy and accustomed to every luxury, were seen crowding around the gates, or in the outer Judgment Hall, unattended, repelled by the rude soldiery, but still clinging to the doors or, prostrate on the ground, listening to the clash of the scourges, the shrieks of the tortured victims, and the shouts of the executioners; one minute supposing they recognized the familiar voices of fathers, husbands, or brothers; or trembling lest those undergoing torture should denounce their relatives and friends. The preacher thundered these agonies in the ears of his congregations, and proclaimed the judgment day with its terrors and greater agony, thus turning the anxiety and horror to a religious advantage. He preached in season and out of season, day after day and at unaccustomed hours, to throngs of the miserable populace who crowded the churches. It is said the whole city became a church. And he warned his hearers with the words: "The clemency of the Emperor may forgive their guilt, but the Christians ought to be superior to the fear of death; they cannot be secure by pardon in this world, but they may be secure of immortality in the world to come." And when at last the announcement came that the Emperor forgave the city at the intercession of the aged Flavius, the preacher urged the people to "share their joy in abundance of good works and by thanking God not only that he had freed them from the recent calamity, but that he had permitted it to occur."

Thus John lived his unselfish and devoted life among the people of Antioch, preaching to them, giving away the rewards of his office to hospitals, to charity, and other good works. He became more and more endeared to them, and nothing would seem to have been more fitting, and mutually agreeable, than the relations of pastor and people.

But there came about a change in affairs that worked for the good of the great presbyter to all outward thinking, but perhaps his life had been longer and his declining years happier if the change had never taken place. Three exalted personages with evil natures were now to become connected with the fate of John, and secure a lasting record in history by that connection:



one for urging and securing his preferment, two for their cruel hatred and persecution and opposition to him—two men and one woman—Eutropius, the eunuch-minister of the Emperor Arcadius, Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, and Eudoxia, the semibarbarian beauty who shared the Emperor's throne.

The eunuch Eutropius, hated by all except the sycophants of that day, feared even by these, for reasons of his own, suggested John the Presbyter of Antioch to the Emperor as the most suitable candidate for the vacant see of Constantinople. His chief motive for the suggestion was hatred of Theophilus, who aspired either to fill the pontiff's chair himself, or else to name the occupant. Eutropius's wish was law with the weak Emperor, and John was named. During a visit to distant parts of the empire, Eutropius had been attracted by the fame of the Presbyter of Antioch, and, as Festus, King Agrippa, and Felix had listened to Paul, he had heard John's preaching and knew nothing could be said against the fitness of the nominee. So it was that John succeeded the feeble Nectarius, successor to the great Gregory, and was consecrated February 26, 398, his enemy and rival, Theophilus, performing the ceremony, by the Emperor's command again at the suggestion of Eutropius. It had been thought necessary to kidnap John at Antioch and secretly convey him overland eight hundred miles to Constantinople, without informing him of the reason for the action or giving him time for preparation. The reasons were fear of resistance of the Antiochenes, or of John's refusal, or both.

John's career as preacher, begun at Antioch, was continued at Constantinople, and his influence and fame grew daily. His eloquence gained him admiration, and his pastoral care the love of the people. The vice and corruption against which his fulminations had been hurled in Antioch were but venial when compared with the same things in Constantinople. The great orator began to preach against the sins of the people generally, class after class; then he rebuked the licentiousness of the clergy, and forbade much that they had been allowed hitherto; then through the officials, courtiers, the great nobles, the grand dames of the city, the ladies of the court in ever-narrowing circles, till he reached the center and rebuked the Empress herself,



who grew jealous of his influence with the Emperor, and angered at his severity against sin and vice. She became his open enemy, and resolved upon his downfall.

There were not wanting willing instruments to aid her in accomplishing her end, and she soon set about her project. Unfortunately John had drawn upon himself the hatred of many of the clergy, whom he deprived of their privileges because of the impropriety of their conduct, and unfortunately also he became involved in a controversy with Theophilus of Alexandria on account of hospitality extended to some banished monks, in the course of which Theophilus remonstrated indignantly against protecting heretics and interfering in the affairs of another diocese. Theophilus immediately set out for Constantinople and found the situation of affairs and, aided by the Empress and disaffected clergy, charges were preferred against John. At a packed Council in a suburb of Constantinople he was declared guilty of immorality and treason, upon false and trivial charges. The Empress was aggrieved because it was alleged John had likened her to Jezebel, an insult which was of itself treasonable. The sentence of this so-called Synod of the Oak was degradation and life banishment. John, not wishing to cause shedding of blood, nor to seem to defy the imperial authority, yielded quietly and was conveyed to an interior villa on the Bithynian shore of the Bosphorus.

When it became known that he was gone, the people clamored for his return. They had had no voice in his trial, no hand in his disposition. An earthquake shock that night especially violent near the imperial palace aroused the city and terrified the superstitious and guilty Empress to urge a request for the revocation of the decree of banishment. In two days more the edict of recall was issued, and John returned, gladly welcomed by the people. We are told that he was met by the whole population—men, women, and children, all who could bore torches—and hymns were chanted before him as he proceeded to the great church. His enemies fled on all sides, and soon after Theophilus, on the demand of a free Council, left in the dead of night, and embarked for Alexandria. The triumph of John looked complete.

For a few months there appeared cordial reconciliation between pontiff and empress, and they vied with each other in protestations of regard. But John could not long brook the evil life surging about him, and began his onslaught afresh on all evil livers and evil doers. Eudoxia, after time had removed the traces of her fright and penitence, chafed at the thought of the pontiff's triumph, and was constantly inflamed by ill-disposed persons who misrepresented and applied personally the bold and indignant language of John. At length matters culminated in September, 403. The Empress had long had the desire to be crowned with the title Augusta, and receive like homage from the people on this account as was accorded the Emperor. The latter reluctantly consented, and a silver statue of Eudoxia was erected on a porphyry column in the public forum, before the Church of St. Sophia. The dedication of this image was attended with much revelry of an unseemly character. While the statue was being poised upon the pedestal, buffoons and women of the street burned incense at its base and circled around it in boisterous and lascivious dances (Grosvenor, "Constantinople," p. 497). The worship in the Great Church was interrupted, and John denounced the interruption and its cause, in his indignation using language which was construed as personally insulting to the Empress.

She immediately sought redress at the Emperor's hands, and the bitter struggle commenced once more and was continued till Easter of 404. The Emperor's edict suspended John, but he refused to yield, and he was finally condemned by a second Council for contumacy in resisting the former decree, and for a breach of ecclesiastical laws in resuming his authority while under condemnation of the Council.

On Good Friday, A.D. 404, the soldiers penetrated the Church of St. Sophia, and many acts of violence were committed. After vainly resisting, John withdrew and yielded to the imperial officers. Again he was conveyed to the Asiatic shore. Upon his departure flames broke out in the Cathedral and communicated to the Senate House, both of which were destroyed. John and his friends were accused of this act, but the real author was never discovered.

Again exile for life was the prelate's sentence, but he was not allowed to choose the place, and he was hurried across country to Cucusus, a little town in the mountainous district of Armenia. But his zeal and influence did not abate even under these adverse conditions. It has been said that the Eastern Church was almost wholly governed from his solitary cell. He was visited by persons of rank in disguise, and consulted by bishops and Church dignitaries throughout the East. This was too much for the enemies of the exile to endure, and orders were given for his removal still farther to Pityus, a town on the Euxine, even a more savage place on the verge of the empire. Thither he was hurriedly dragged, with no permission to obtain comforts or relief for his wasted body. The cortège reached the town of Comana, and the old man could go no farther. White robes were brought the dying patriarch, and he lay down in a little chapel after receiving the holy eucharist, and with difficulty repeating a prayer, sank back, saying, "Glory be to God for all things!" and fell asleep.

Thus died John, the son of the Roman soldier, the pupil of Libanius, the promising young lawyer, the catechumen, the recluse, the deacon and presbyter of Antioch, the patriarch of Constantinople—John Chrysostom, John with mouth of gold.

It were too long to tell more of his persecution or of the reasons for it; of his vast labors and his lasting influence. His writings alone make a fair ecclesiastical library—homilies, sermons, epistles, and commentary.

And is he forgotten?

Let the millions of faithful make answer who reverently pray:

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy name Thou wilt grant their requests: Fulfill now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.

JAMES MAYNARD.

Knoxville, Tennessee.

## TWO BROTHERS: JOHN PAUL BOCOCK AND WALTER KEMPER BOCOCK.<sup>1</sup>

DEATH removed recently, within a few months, two gifted brothers, both active and earnest workers, who had begun and carried on their labors and had lived as a part of the Revival of Letters that marked the younger generation in the Southern States from the death of Lee in 1870 to the end of the century. They were Virginians by family and training, by heredity and education. They were graduates of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., in the seventies, when General Lee's name and personality had given that institution an idealistic impetus which had made it a marked literary as well as an educational center. Both entered journalism in Philadelphia, and both migrated later to New York for a more active sphere; and both, with whatever changes in their life, remained journalists in some measure and continued writing to the end.

The names of this gifted pair of brothers, taken away just at a time when they but seemed prepared for the larger and fuller labors they had set for themselves, were John Paul and Walter Kemper Bocock. They were representative of that class brought up or born just after the Civil War, when the very privations that families were often called upon to endure caused them to feel more deeply and to give keener and more vigorous expression to their impressions and thoughts, and added greater vitality to the new life which had sprung up in the path of the previous scorching fire. Their father before them, a well-known Presbyterian clergyman, had had the habit of writing, and this interest was indicated by more than one article signed "J. H. B." in that ante-bellum repository, the *Southern Literary Messenger*. A volume of selections from the latter's writings was edited by

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<sup>1</sup>In preparing this paper the writer has incorporated, with his own recollections, material kindly furnished him by Prof. Willis H. Bocock, of the University of Georgia, and Mrs. Jasper Bocock Willis, of Searcy Institute, Searcy, Ark.



his widow, the mother of these two brothers, herself a woman of marked intellectuality, and published some twelve years ago by the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Richmond.

This instinct for writing, this passion for the pen, this literary yearning, in the case of both brothers, was the significant thing. Both tried other work, but neither could ever leave writing alone. Both were ardent workers and both actually wore themselves out by working.

The journalist suffers in that much of his writing necessarily disappears. It is usually anonymous, in the first place, and is seldom or never identified, and while it gives character and personality to the particular paper or periodical, it is often written for the moment or occasion, and, having fulfilled its mission, deserves to pass away. Yet much of our best intellectual work, and certainly our most facile writing, appears in journalism, and we should be loath to see it degraded from the high workmanship which the best practitioners have put into their art. In the two cases before us something survives to show this interest and indicate the ideals behind the work; and we are glad to know that two volumes are soon to appear representing this work, and, more particularly, the occasional expression of both these writers in verse.

The two brothers came of a distinguished Virginia family, being sons of the Rev. John Holmes Bocock, D.D., and Sarah Margaret Kemper. A brother of the father, Thomas Stanhope Bocock, was speaker of the Congress of the Confederate States; a brother of the mother, James L. Kemper, was Governor of Virginia. John Paul Bocock was born at Harrisonburg, Va., February 9, 1856; and died at Wayne, Pa., June 17, 1903, at the age of forty-seven years. Walter Kemper Bocock was born at Georgetown, D. C., February 10, 1858; and died in Philadelphia February 15, 1904, at the age of forty-six years. Both were foster sons of Washington and Lee University—members, under a notable Faculty, of a widely representative student-body containing a large number of men who have since attained distinction. For colleges and classes vary much at different times for no very apparent reason; they have their periods of ebb and flow, a brilliant circle of unusual intel-



lectual and literary activity being often followed by another of marked lull and quiet.

Receiving the degree of Master of Arts in 1875, then the coveted prize and regarded as the highest academic distinction of the University, John Paul Bocock studied law in Cincinnati, and for a few years practiced at the bar of that city, sending contributions occasionally to the newspapers and further cultivating his inborn taste for literature. At length determining to cast his lot definitely with the drivers of the pen, he removed in 1883 to Philadelphia and became a member of the staff of *The Press*. Tempting offers in a broader field of journalism took him to New York in 1887. Much of his newspaper work at this time was done for *The World*; but soon he widened his literary connections and became a prolific and successful writer of prose and verse for various magazines. Always a lover of the classics, in his later years he became an enthusiastic collector and connoisseur of Horatiana, and devoted himself to a "Literary History of the Odes of Horace," which is to be published.

John Paul Bocock's versatility may be gathered from a few numbers of some incomplete biographical notes of recent years: "The Irish Conquest of Our Cities," *Forum*, April, 1894; "Irish Leaders in Many Nations," *Cosmopolitan*, June, 1899; "Blood Is Thicker Than Water," *Munsey's Magazine*, September, 1899; "The Romance of the Telephone," *Munsey's Magazine*, November, 1900; "How the Gold Reserve Was Saved," *Harper's Weekly*, June, 1900; "The Literary Diversions of a Boss," *Harper's Weekly*, July, 1900; "Dinners in Bohemia," *North American Review*, May, 1901; "Joe," *Harper's Monthly*, October, 1901; "Washington and Lee University," *Harper's Weekly*, 1901; "Pistols with Pedigrees," *Outing*, 1903; "The Book Buyer's Guide," *The Reader*, 1903; "J. Pierpont Morgan: His Life, Aims, Methods," *Success*, 1903; "Decatur, the Prototype of Dewey," *Leslie's Weekly*, 1903; "Little Stories in Rare Books" (notable bookplates of famous men in old editions of Horace belonging to Mr. Bocock's collection), *Harper's Weekly*, January 13, 1903.

John Paul Bocock's verse was published in various newspapers and magazines. Some of it was chosen for the vol-

ume of "Society Verse by American Writers," selected by E. DeL. Pierson (New York: Benjamin and Bell, 1877). Taking most pride in and getting most joy from his Horatian work, he will perhaps be best represented here by that; and two of his translations of favorite odes are accordingly given:

## HORACE, ODES, I., 5.

Who is it in your lover's grot  
Woos you, rose-wreathed, O Pyrrha, what  
Slip of a perfumed boy—your hair  
Bound backward in a yellow snare?

Witch of simplicity! How oft  
Dazed by your broken vows, aloft  
He'll stare to see the wild winds sweep  
Storm clouds athwart the angered deep;

Poor innocent, whose arms enfold  
The charms he now believes all gold,  
Always his own! How should he know  
How like the breeze your favors go!

Ah, mariners on whom you shine  
In stormy beauty! Wet with brine  
My garments hang, thank offerings all,  
Upon the sea god's temple wall!

## HORACE, ODES, III., 13.

Fountain of Bandusia, shimmering crystal clear,  
Here is wine that should be thine, flowers too are here;  
Thine, to-morrow, be a kid  
In whose budding brow are hid  
Horns that hint of dalliance and of battle shock  
All in vain: poor firstling of the wanton flock—  
His the sacrificial blood  
That shall stain thy sparkling flood.  
When the Dog Star rages, Summer's burning heat  
Leaves untouched thy cooling wave and dewy shadows, sweet  
To the plowman's wearied ox  
And the thirst-tormented flocks.  
One among the famous fountains thou shalt be:  
So, I sing the rocky cleft beneath the ilex tree  
From whose hollow, rooted deep  
All thy babbling waters leap.

Walter Kemper Bocock, two years younger, differing in many ways from the elder brother, and accentuating these differences already at college by joining a different Greek letter society—John Paul was a Beta Theta Pi and Kemper a D. K. E.—re-

ceived his Master's degree two years later, in 1877. He at once entered upon journalism in Philadelphia, where he was connected with *The North American* and later with *The Times*. After several years of successful newspaper work in Philadelphia, he accepted an editorial position on *The Press*, of New York, and afterwards became its chief of staff. Seemingly his career was made for him, when the current of his life became deepened and altered.

Intensely interested in sociological questions as the outcome of his economic studies and editorial writing, and having faith in the practical application of Christianity to the solution of these questions, Kemper Bocock, as he was then known (though always "Walter" to his family), gave up his eminent position and his splendid prospects in journalism, and resolved upon entering the ministry of the Episcopal Church. His mother was living at the time at Hampden-Sidney, Va., and for a year he remained with her, attending lectures at the Union Theological Seminary (Presbyterian), then located there. It was at this time that the writer met him and came to know the richness of his mind and nature and the ideals under which he worked. Confirmed in his faith in his mission, he returned to New York and was graduated from the General Theological Seminary with the degree of B.D. in 1894. He subsequently filled charges in Deer Creek Parish, Maryland, and at Grace Church, Georgetown, D. C., where his journalistic proclivities asserted themselves in his becoming the first editor of *The Church Militant*. Unfortunately, here his health broke down, and he was compelled to give up active pastoral work. He removed once more to Philadelphia, where he could find a field for his keen interest in social problems in connection with mission work, and where he could also again take up journalism. He became a member of the staff of *The Church Standard*, working under the veteran editor, Dr. John Fulton. He became also secretary of the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor, and editor of its organ, *Hammer and Pen*. More than once he was called upon to settle, as arbiter, delicate questions between capital and labor, all sides believing that he was devotedly conscientious in his zeal for what he conceived to be

truth and right. With the increased earnestness that his life took on, and never giving himself time or leisure to get well, taking vacation from one employment only to throw himself into another interest, that often his closest friends knew nothing of, he worked for every one but himself and wore himself out for the sake of others and in the cause he had at heart. Even when removed to the hospital, he looked forward to the time he would be up and about, and insisted on dictating an editorial to his stenographer on the very day he died.

At first writing anonymously and daily for the newspapers he was connected with, almost his only signed pieces were light occasional verses which found lodgment in the "Bric-a-brac" of the *Century Magazine* and in other periodicals. With his later and more earnest views of life his cheeriness and humor in his personal talk did not diminish, but his signed published pieces reflected these more serious interests. His positive and suggestive contributions to the SEWANEE REVIEW—"Christian Unity and Positive Truth," January, 1902; "The Social Question and the Christian Answer," October, 1902—will be remembered.

An early essay in economics, "Tax the Area," was published as No. 1078 of Lovell's Library (John W. Lovell Co., New York). The following list contains a few of his magazine articles on related subjects: "Labor's Right of Free Speech," *Social Economist*, September, 1892; "Should Trades Unions Be Incorporated?" *Social Economist*, November, 1892; "The Southern Social Problem," *Social Economist*, January, 1893; "Liquor and Politics," *Social Economist*, March, 1893; "Labor's Claim on Organized Christianity," *Social Economist*, June, 1893; "Specialization of Labor Functions," *Social Economist*, October, 1893; "Evolution Not Revolution," *Southern Magazine*, October, 1899; "A Practical Basis for Christian Unity," *Church Eclectic*, January, 1902; "Hypothetical and Joint Ordination," *Church Eclectic*, July, 1902. The manuscript of a work entitled "The Social Influence of Jesus" was left complete, and will doubtless find early publication.

It is necessary to remember, in taking some extracts from Kemper Bocock's verse, that he was primarily the earnest worker in a very strenuous life, and that poetry was to him a relief,

an avocation, an enjoyable exercise in an art which it was a passion with him to practice and feel his way in, but the subtler laws of which he could never take time to master. And yet one who knew him can also detect the varying sides of his personality in these extracts. I select first a bit of lighter verse, expressive of his jocular and very human vein:

## A REVERIE.

The winds are abroad on the hilltops,  
The skurrying clouds are gray,  
And memory's breezes are sporting  
On the hilltops of far-away.

I think of an upstairs apartment  
Rather near to the Fifth Avenue,  
And of many a charming excursion  
Conducted, old comrade, by you.

I remember an evening at Daly's,  
When Ada created the Shrew,  
And was tamed by a dashing Petruchio  
With the name—and the nose—of John Drew.

I think of a Shylock—like Irving;  
Of Kelcey, and Georgia Cayvan,  
And of scenery painted by Goatcher,  
The pride of the property man.

The steeple of Stewart's cathedral  
Looms up in the midst of the past,  
And the sunset gun at Fort Wadsworth  
Reminds me that day cannot last.

And here is the Morgan collection,  
With a wonderful peach blow vase;  
Here are Watts: a Swinburne, a Manning;  
Here's the Gilder's marvelous face.

And as, from the hill yeleft Murray,  
We ramble past Madison Square,  
Bronze Farragut (*fecit* St. Gaudens)  
Looms up with a look of "I dare."

I see amid cedars and maples  
A quaint little church of gray stone,  
With sundry memorial windows  
By classical ivy o'ergrown.

And here are broad hills, and the river,  
The farm, and the echoing song  
Of the hunter's brave horn, and the baying  
Of hounds as they follow along.



Life's roses, like laurels, have crowned me;  
 At fate I've no reason to scoff.  
 But as memories cluster around me  
 I long for an old-time "day off."

I add a skit, which was once inclosed to me in a letter, as I do not know whether another copy exists or not. The lines move with distinct ease and are seemingly experiments in terza rima, until the last line returns upon itself as in certain French forms of verse:

#### A GLASS OF WATER.

A crystal goblet from my lady's hand,  
 Though but from willow-shaded river filled,  
 Outsparkles nectar that the gods command.  
 No rosy draught of vintage, sun-distilled  
 On cliffs of Rhine, or poplared plains of France,  
 Can thrill as one kind word from her has thrilled,  
 Nor can intoxicate like her swift glance.  
 No amber brew from billowy barley field  
 Whereon the clouds indulge in shadow dance,  
 To me can any such refreshment yield.  
 In sooth, there is no draught in any land  
 From any fountain ever yet unsealed  
 Like crystal goblet from my lady's hand.

But the cheerful and noble spirit of the man himself—who suffered uncomplainingly and labored and planned even unto the last day, who held faith both in God and in man and worked to make practical everyday life a better thing and to see others lifted up to the realization of the divine spark in them—is best expressed in these verses found in his room after their author had obtained his rest:

#### THE SEVEN AGES OF DEATH.

As mammoth monster of primeval times,  
 Of strange and hybrid types, which still survive  
 In griffins fought by legendary Knights,  
 Are but the ancestors of nobler man;  
 So moves the cycle of the life of Death,  
 The body's fear, that is the spirit's hope.

##### I.

First, Childhood sees in Death a cruel Hag;  
 A witch, who robs us of the lives we love  
 And makes us put their bodies underground;  
 A Juggernaut, a ruthless enemy  
 Paroling some for life on good behavior,  
 But seizing hostages from all who travel  
 By land or water; from the old, the sick,  
 The cradle, or the heroes' battle line,  
 And ever crying out: "The best for Me!"

II.

To Youth she seems a gray and frowning Fate  
Waiting, with shears in hand, beside the cords  
That bind the soul to bells that chime of Fame  
That he may ring them—or be deafened by them;  
Or to the ever-turning wheels of Power  
That he may rule them—or be slave to them;  
Or to the golden mines that scar the world,  
That he may build his house upon a shaft  
And thence enrich himself—or fall therein.

III.

The Youth becomes a Man; and Death more fair.  
In dreams her eyes awake, and seem to look  
Into the mysteries of Past and Future.  
But silence broods upon her marble mouth.  
A Sibyl she, who will not prophesy,  
If aught there be beyond her cave, or not.

IV.

The Man who grows no more begins to die;  
Death labors in the waving fields of Time.  
For every sheaf she piles upon the back  
Of Man the Worker, brighter grows her face.

V.

At length, with book in hand, and moving lips,  
A learned Lady she, and he a Pupil.  
Her slender finger points him to the way,  
While in her steady gaze there grows a smile  
As ripples light the bosom of the lake.

VI.

Now Man more slowly treads his beaten path  
With shoulders burden-bent toward Earth.  
But Death, his Friend, speaks to him words of cheer,  
Or walks beside and hums a Marseillaise,  
A gentle touch, and lo! a burden falls;  
Another, and another, glide away,  
And when he looks behind him, they are gone.

VII.

And at the last, how beautiful is Death!  
The golden hues of autumn in her hair;  
Eyes like twin stars of Bethlehem, that look  
From azure depths upon the dawn of God,  
And lips that ever part in kindest words,  
Nay, singing, like Cecilia come again,  
The songs and dreams that lovers learn of Love.  
And he, a Bridegroom, leaves all Earth behind,  
And kisses and embraces her for ages.

JOHN BELL HENNEMAN.

The University of the South,  
Sewanee, Tennessee.

## REVIEWS.

### PROFESSOR CHILD'S TRANSLATION OF "BEOWULF."

**BEOWULF AND THE FINNISBURGH FRAGMENT.** Translated from the Old English, with an Introductory Sketch and Notes. By Clarence Griffin Child, Assistant Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania. The Riverside Literature Series, No. 159. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

How piquant and bold—and how justifiable!—to offer a translation of the Anglo-Saxon epic, "Beowulf," to the public for fifteen cents in paper or, by paying ten cents more, bound well in cloth. This is what the editors of the Riverside Literature Series have done, aided by the scholarship of Professor Clarence G. Child, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Professor Child's version is in prose, but a prose infused with poetic traits. How can it be otherwise, when one with Saxon blood in him touches the old national material! To Saxons, "Beowulf" has proved very attractive in the last quarter of a century. In America, Garnett, Lesslie Hall, Tinker, and now Child, have translated the poem; in England, Earle, Clark Hall, and the poet William Morris, assisted by the English editor of "Beowulf," Wyatt. A cheap yet faithful version like this, with strong literary flavor, will conduce not only to a wider knowledge of the poem, but to a study of the epic genus in our English literature in the development from the epic of growth to the great epic that is made—from "Beowulf" with the "Ballads" and "Morte D'Arthur" to the "Canterbury Tales" and thence to the "Faërie Queene" and "Paradise Lost." Even translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" and the "Divine Comedy," not to name the European mediæval epics—for example, the "Song of Roland" in this same series—if not versions in the original tongues, may, in such a process, be brought in for comparison.

In regard to the version before us, Professor Child has succeeded in making an exceedingly good translation of "Beowulf." The translation has several advantages over previous attempts in that it avoids the excessive use of archaic words

and the stilted and cumbrous turns of expression commonly employed, and combines with the latest scholarly researches a certain literary quality which is rare in work of this character.

It is a difficult thing to make a book which will appeal to the scholar and to the general reader as well, but in this instance the translator seems to have skillfully and successfully steered this middle course. Much light has been thrown on dark passages and disputed points, but none save the specialist will know that the translator was confronted with any obscurities or difficulties. The reader will be pleased with the clear, straightforward, vigorous prose narrative; and the student will be grateful for the succinct history of the poem given in the introduction and the close rendering of the original. We have no hesitancy in claiming for this translation a high place among works of its kind.

J. B. H. AND L. W. P., JR.

#### AN OFFICIAL LIFE OF ZOLA.

EMILE ZOLA, NOVELIST AND REFORMER. An Account of His Life and Work. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illustrated by Portraits, Views, and Facsimiles. John Lane: The Bodley Head, London and New York. MDCCCIV. Pp. xiv, 560.

This is an interesting and in many ways a notable work—not so much as a biography or a criticism, but as a setting forth of many details in Zola's life hitherto not generally known, and as a portrayal of the unity of purpose and endeavor in a singularly marked life. In that career some four episodes stand out as particularly prominent: the formative influences and emotions of Zola's youth in and around Aix, in Provence, in Southern France, where his father was a noted engineer; the exposition of the principles of "naturalism" in literature and the planning and carrying out, through years of laborious work, of the Rougon-Macquart Series; the persecution of the elder Vizetelly, the father of the author of this volume, for publishing and selling Zola's works in London; and Zola's interjection of self into the discussions of the Dreyfus case and his courageous and patriotic stand in the celebrated "I accuse" open letter.

The reader feels that the author of this biography writes with the fervor of an apostle, who has suffered with and for his au-

thor, and who at last is making a full and definite explanation and advocacy of the positions taken. The attitude is at times acridly tinged, and the reason is not far to seek. Already of his own initiative an interpreter and translator of Zola, the persecution which the elder Vizetelly, the author's father, had to undergo in London has embittered the son and filled his soul with scorn, and he enters into Zola's defense with far more energy than he otherwise might. But in truth it requires a believer to interpret, even if he may not convince. Only thus do we understand even where we may not follow.

Whether Zola was not more reformer than artist can scarcely now be doubted. It is not so much by his literary art—in this the despised Daudet far excels him—as through his force and energy and will and controversies that Zola demands attention. His fame as novelist and expounder of life seems likely to rest chiefly on the Rougon-Macquart Series, a series of twenty volumes, probably suggested by Balzac's "*La Comédie Humaine*," upon which he spent the best years of his life. This series contains "*L'Assommoir*," the serial issue of which obtained the sensation of a scandal in 1876-78, and represents works as varied in character and treatment as "*L'Argent*," "*Le Rêve*," "*La Bête Humaine*," "*Germinal*," "*Nana*," "*La Terre*," "*La Débâcle*," and "*Le Docteur Pascal*." Later he wrote the descriptions of the three cities, Lourdes, Paris, Rome. Last of all he entered upon his four evangels, only three of which he lived to finish: Fruitfulness, Labor, Truth, and Justice. It must be admitted to be a wonderful amount of work of great force for one man to accomplish, even though one finds in it much that is disagreeable and oppressive.

When Zola's work is traced, step by step, his attitude in the Dreyfus case, which came to many as a surprise and may be said to have revolutionized general sentiment in his favor, seems but a natural outcome from his previous life. Everything was intense and exaggerated and indomitable about the man—his many unlovable traits as well as the admirable ones. His continued candidacy for the French Academy was an illustration of his will, based solely on the determination to fight for a principle; for he must have known that it was unavailing. A man



of this character was born for tragedy in his life; and not the least tragic episode was the dreadful death by suffocation.

The critical portions of Mr. Vizetelly's book do not strike one so favorably as the others. The volume is too far written with an eye to British prejudices. While this will serve to stimulate interest for the time, it must also cease ultimately to satisfy. The appendix on the English translations of Zola's works and the index bring together in short compass much valuable material.

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NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

NEW LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. Annotated by Thomas Carlyle and Edited by Alexander Carlyle, with an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., with sixteen illustrations. In two volumes. John Lane: The Bodley Head, London and New York. MDCCCIII.

That Mrs. Carlyle is one of the best letter writers we have in our literature—a literature unusually rich in its letter writers—we knew already from the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," edited by James Anthony Froude, and published some twenty years ago. And to one who had imagination the picture then left was, on the whole, a definite and a correct one, not to be greatly altered by fresh revelations. Yet we are grateful, none the less, for these new letters, giving us renewed intimacy with one of the most fascinating minds of her time. We can only regret the temper which occasioned their editing and which is often too far obtruded. The letters constitute documents for themselves—let them be so. The introduction of Sir James Crichton-Browne is at times harsh and violent, even though the grounds for the indignation may be natural and righteous. We do not care again to enter upon the Froude-Carlyle controversy. We may condemn Froude's methods, and yet trust posterity to exercise some imagination in getting at the truth. Certainly posterity is not to be bullied and forced to think as we should like it on all points. Surely it is not defending Carlyle to insist in turn on the wife's weaknesses, to emphasize a morphine habit, mental aberrations, etc., etc., as is

done here. Carlyle's fame is too undoubted to be served in this mistaken way. Animosities on either side will not avail much.

The merit and interest and charm of the two volumes rest altogether in the letters themselves, the natural and spontaneous outpourings of one of the most remarkable women that Great Britain has produced. Mated likewise to a wonderfully endowed man who was a writer as well, she had to be satisfied with the expression of self in various notes and letters of a variedly intimate nature. These extend from 1825 to 1865, a period of forty years, and supplement Froude's earlier volumes. Carlyle's annotations are interesting in themselves, and give a fuller insight into the relations and character of this gifted pair. People with imagination knew how to accept the letters which came before; and people will use the same imagination in reading these; and in the end the resultant opinion is not apt either to alter much or to go far astray.

## NOTES.

THE meeting of the International Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis, September 19-24, in connection with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, was significant in that a display devoted chiefly to the material progress of the world did not and could not neglect the corresponding work and progress in scholarship and thought. The result was a notable gathering of men of many nationalities and of wide though correlated interests, the most distinguished in literary work probably being Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, and Mr. James Bryce, of England. On the opening day, after an introductory history of the undertaking made by President Harper, of Chicago, in the absence of President Butler, of Columbia, the accredited representatives of England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy were introduced, and a formal paper on the progress of the scientific spirit was read by the President of the Congress, Simon Newcomb. The following day the several divisions and departments were organized, the Grand Division of Historical Science starting off with a strong and searching paper by President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, who outlined the constructive work of the historian of the future and intimated the imaginative and divinative qualities he must possess. The department, History of Language, was also well introduced by papers from President Wheeler, of California, and Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, being afterwards still further subdivided into Comparative, Semitic, Indo-Iranian, Greek, Latin, English, Romance, and Germanic sections. The two speakers in the English Language section, Professors Jespersen, of Copenhagen, and Kittredge, of Harvard, both emphasized syntactical problems. Two distinguished foreign scholars represented Romance and Germanic Languages: Professors Paul Meyer, of Paris, and Edward Sievers, of Leipzig.

In comparison with the language side of the study, the History of Literature, at least in its English branches, seemed to be more disorganized not only in the absence or pres-

ence of speakers, but even in any essential agreement by the speakers themselves as to the canons of literature and the principles of literary criticism. Taking the utterances by the several representatives of the English Literature—and it is to be regretted that under the broad heads of "General Literature" and "Belles-Lettres" all the representatives should have been from the one department of English—there were the widest discrepancies, in attitude, method, and results. No Chairman of the department History of Literature was obtainable, Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, who had been offered the position, being unable to accept. The first speaker, Professor Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins, had also declined, and Professor Gayley, of California, had been substituted. The second speaker, Professor Harrison, of Virginia, was present, but was suffering too much with his eyes to read his paper, which necessarily lost much of its feeling by being read by another. The section in English Literature failed altogether to come off. Both the Chairman, Professor Wendell, of Harvard, and the first speaker, Professor Gummere, of Haverford, were unable to be present, and the paper of Professor Hoops, of Heidelberg, on "Problems of English Literature," which dealt rather with certain categories of that literature, was reserved for the section of Belles-Lettres. Here again M. Ferdinand Brunetière, of Paris, was not at hand, though Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia, well sustained both himself and his subject in a literary paper on the spirit of literature as interpreted by the moderns. M. Brunetière was substituted by Professor Schofield, of Harvard, who treated what the study of literature means and should include.

In the number of appointments among Southern institutions the University of Virginia easily led, Professor Noah K. Davis being appointed Chairman of the Department of Psychology, Professors Mallet and Stone being the Chairmen of the sections on Inorganic Chemistry and Astrometry respectively, Professor J. A. Harrison having a paper in the department of Literature, and Professor M. W. Humphreys one in the section of Greek Language. Also Professor Gildersleeve, a former instructor at Virginia, might be included in the list. Other repre-

sentatives from the Southern States were Bishop Gailor, of Sewanee, who was Chairman of the section on Religious Work; Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt, Chairman of the section on Personal Religious Influence; Professor Moore, of Vanderbilt, Chairman of the section on Social Structure; and Professor Fortier, of Tulane, who prepared a paper on Romance Literature.

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The purpose of the "Select Translations from Old English Poetry," by Professor Cook, of Yale, and Dr. Tinker (Boston: Ginn & Company), is to create an interest in the poetry of the Old English and Anglo-Saxon period by showing the variety in character and extent of that poetry in itself, as well as the differences in the several modes of translation adopted. There are prose versions and poetical versions—and of the latter a great variety of stanzas, line forms, and verse methods. Which of these several ways is best has been the subject of ardent and even violent controversy. While admitting the advantage that prose has in its faithfulness of rendering and general ease, one cannot help feeling that it would be a pity if all translating were of one type and particularly if what was originally intended as verse could not inspire others to reproduce the effect upon them in verse measures of their own. As to how successful these may have been, some sort of judgment may be passed in scanning the extracts. But most of all the reader is impressed with the wide interest attaching to the early poetic forms and expression of our race and language.

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The following publications have been received:

From John Lane: "A Later Pepys: The Correspondence of Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart., Master in Chancery, 1758-1825," edited by Alice C. C. Gaussen, in two volumes; a new edition of "The Spanish Conquest in America, and Its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of the Colonies," by Sir Arthur Helps, edited by M. Oppenheim, in four volumes; two booklets of the "Flowers of Parnassus," xx-xxi, a series of Famous Poems Illustrated: "The Tomb of Burns,"



by William Watson, with nine illustrations by D. Y. Cameron, and "A Little Child's Wreath," sonnets by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, with introduction by Mrs. Meynell and illustrations by Graham Robertson.

From the Macmillan Company: "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone," edited, with an introductory memoir, by Herbert Paul.

From Charles Scribner's Sons: "The Theory of Business Enterprise," by T. Veblen, of Chicago.

From T. Y. Crowell & Co.: "The Poetical Works of D. G. Rossetti," with introduction by W. M. Rossetti (The Gladstone Edition); Shakespeare's "The Tragedie of Macbeth," First Folio Edition, prepared by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke; "Twenty Famous Naval Battles: Salamis to Santiago," by E. K. Rawson, of the U. S. Navy.

From D. C. Heath & Co.: A new volume of the Arden Shakespeare: "Henry IV., Part I.," edited by F. W. Moorman, of Leeds; "A Source Book of Roman History," by D. C. Munro, of Wisconsin; "Elements of Mechanical Drawing," by G. C. Anthony, of Tufts College; "Plane and Solid Geometry," by A. L. Candy, of Nebraska; "Essentials of Composition and Rhetoric," by A. H. Espenshade, of Pennsylvania State College.

From Henry Holt & Co.: "America, Asia, and the Pacific, with Special Reference to the Russo-Japanese War and Its Results," by Wolf von Schierbrand.

From Maynard, Merrill & Co.: "The New South, and Other Addresses, by Henry W. Grady," edited by Edna H. Lee Turpin; "The Southern Poets: Selected Poems of Lanier, Timrod, and Hayne," edited by J. W. Abernethy, of Brooklyn.

From the American Tract Society: "The Teaching of Jesus Concerning God the Father," by A. T. Robertson, of Louisville. Also the pamphlet Report of the Committee on "A Phonetic English Alphabet," Calvin Thomas, of Columbia University, Chairman (Publishers' Printing Company, New York).

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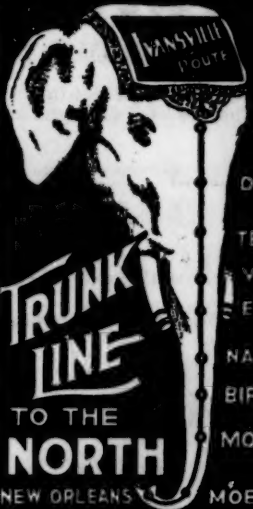
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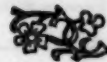
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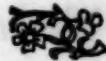


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